THE BOY PREACHER


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Thomas Harrison

THE BOY PREACHER;

OR, THE

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

REV. THOMAS HARRISON

TOGETHER WITH

SKETCHES OF THE MOST REMARKABLE REVIVALS

IN WHICH HE HAS BEEN ENGAGED.

By REV. E. DAVIES,

AUTHOR OF "BELIEVER'S HAND BOOK," "THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST," "HE LEADETH ME," "GEMS AND PEARLS," "LAW OF HOLINESS," "DAILY FOOD," ETC.

"Let no man despise thy youth."—St. Paul.

HOLINESS BOOK CONCERN,

READING, MASS.

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ENDORSEMENT.

I sanction the labors of Rev. E. Davies in arranging and publishing an account of my revival work.

Thomas Harrison

Meriden, Conn., Dec. 23, 1880.

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TO

ALL THAT LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

IN SINCERITY AND TRUTH,

AND ARE LABORING TO SAVE SOULS FROM ETERNAL DEATH,

WHETHER MINISTER OR LAYMAN, PASTOR

OR EVANGELIST,

This Book is Respectfully Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

If ever God led and helped me in anything, it has been in the preparation of this book for the religious public. I am as much surprised as many of my readers will be, that after being an evangelist myself for the past ten years, that God should call me to write up the labors of another evangelist; but thus it is, and thus it has pleased God to have it.

It has seemed to me, all the way through, that God would be greatly glorified in this publication to the world of His wonderful works in saving so many thousands of souls in connection with the labors of Brother Harrison. It has been exceedingly difficult to find out the facts in the case, because Mr. Harrison has failed to keep any diary. I have had to travel from State to State, and from city to city, and from pastor to pastor, so that I could write a candid statement of this most wonderful series of revival meetings.

I am happy to record that the visiting of these churches, and the conversation with these pastors, and the preparation of this book, have been a great means of grace to my own soul. My faith in God has been greatly increased. And it is with the certain expectation that tens of thousands will be blessed and inspired by reading this book, that I have been able to overcome mountains of difficulties, and have toiled on through

these weary weeks in preparing this rich feast for so many readers.

I expect many will be blessed in reading this book, because the reading of such books has been made such a great blessing to my own soul. Next to the Bible these books have been of the greatest value to me.

I have not written this book to glorify the subject of it, but to honor that God who has made him such a great blessing to the world.

I have written in the spirit of prayer, and have carried it to God in the spirit of entire consecration. I have dedicated it to Him in whom I live, and move, and have my being.

I have read the substance of this book to Mr. Harrison, and revised and corrected it according to his suggestions. He has kindly furnished some materials for its composition. I acknowledge my indebtedness to him and to Dr. France. Rev. W. Downs, Rev. G. G. Baker, Rev. R. Norris, and Rev. S. M. Hartsock, of Baltimore; also to Rev. E. D. Owen and Rev. Mr. Hagey, of Washington, D. C., for their kind suggestions, and the use of papers and other helps.

The benediction of the Almighty go with this book to the ends of the earth, and may it be blessed to tens of thousands after my soul is with God in glory. Amen and Amen.

EDWARD DAVIES.

READING, MASS., January, 1881.

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THE BOY PREACHER.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVANGELISTS IN THE CHURCH.

God has been pleased, in his infinite wisdom, to appoint different orders of men in the ministry of the church of the New Testament. St. Paul tells us that Christ "Gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers: For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." This very comprehensive passage of holy writ teaches us plainly that God is pleased to use a variety of men to accomplish his mighty work.

From the days of Moses until now, God has had a class of men in the church that in a general sense may be called evangelists. Moses himself was an evangelist carrying GOOD TIDINGS to the oppressed

people of Israel, and leading them out of bondage into liberty. "It was indeed a revival when the Israelites, led by Jehovah (through Moses) out of bondage, through the sea and the desert, went up to the mount of God to form a Jewish church into a theocratic nation. The man and the means were extraordinary." "Moses stands at the head of the evangelists of the old dispensation. These prophets of God not only foretold future events, but they taught the people the things of God; yet they had neither church, nor pulpit, nor salary. They gathered their congregations wherever they could find them — in the street, the field, or the highway."

Ezra and Nehemiah were evangelists who were appointed of God to call the people back to the covenant mercies of God. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, were among the fearless messengers which God sent to the church and people of their day. They were not priests, but they were preachers, of great power in the independent ministry of God's word. John the Baptist was an evangelist of great energy, swaying the people with the power of God and his great eloquence. Jesus Christ himself was an evangelist of the highest order, who proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation to a lost world. The Apostles were sent out as evangelists, in the general sense that they proclaimed glad tidings and had no settled parish. So were the

seventy that Christ sent out, who returned and said the devils were subject unto them. Philip was called an evangelist; and Timothy was exhorted to do the work of an evangelist, and make full proof of his ministry.

Albert Barnes says: "The office of evangelist was distinct from that of the pastor, the teacher, and the prophet, and was manifestly an office in which preaching was the main thing." Prof. Hackett says: "The title of evangelists appears to have been given to those who had no stated charge, but travelled from place to place as they had opportunity." Olshausen says: "Evangelists are such teachers as, journeying about, labored for the wider extension of the gospel." Bengel says: "The evangelist was fitted for an office of the highest importance by a gift superior to that of pastors and teachers." This accords with the teaching of St. Paul in Eph. iv. 11, which I have quoted.

We have no reason to believe that God has ever ceased to call men to fill the office of evangelist. John Wesley was the evangelist of his day, and became the founder of a church, while he had the wide world for his parish. William Taylor is the evangelist of this day, who has labored in almost all parts of the world with marked success, and has established self-sustaining missions in India and South America, and is determined to belt the

coasts of the world with these missions if God will give him strength and power.

Of late the number of evangelists has largely increased. They seem to be called especially to help the pastors in revival services, and some go into new regions and neglected places and proclaim the gospel of God. While the harvest is so great, and the laborers are so few, let no candid person give way to prejudice against these men and women, who, we trust, are divinely appointed to this great work. If some have mistaken their calling, and others have made many mistakes in their work, this only shows that they are human; and this is only what may be found among any large company of laborers, in any department of the church or of the world.

Some of these evangelists have been like Saul, and have slain their thousands, and, thank God, some of them have been like David, and have slain their tens of thousands. Among this latter class we may number the subject of this volume, for God has greatly honored this dear brother in helping him to lead thousands of souls to Christ, although he is yet but twenty-six years of age. Some call him "The Boy Evangelist," and no doubt there is a novelty about his youth that attracts many to sit under his ministry, who are swayed by the power of his word, and led to Christ.

Prof. J. B. Jaques says upon the want of evangelists:

"1. This want of evangelists is based upon divine authority, and this office has never been abolished.

"2. The wide-spread usefulness of those who are called to this office is a proof of its further necessity.

"3. The constantly growing tendency of the church to run into ruts, or on a smooth track of dead monotony. This is broken up by the nomad irregularity of evangelists.

"4. Also by the growing tendency of our ministers to the settled pastorate. Formerly, nearly every minister was an evangelist. Now the tendency is to settle down, and evangelists are needed to stir them up.

"5. Because it is difficult to find the pulpit teacher and the evangelist in any one man. Pastors need what the Apostle calls 'helps' to lead souls over the Rubicon of repentance and faith.

"6. Because ministers in large churches have special need of help in REVIVAL SERVICES. It is simply a physical necessity. They must have help or break down.

"7. This want is implied in the divine call of men to this work. Let no man interfere with the will of God in the case."

Dr. Rigg, the ex-president of the Wesleyan

Methodist Conference in England, in his sermon before the newly-ordained ministers of that body, giving them their solemn charge before Almighty God, says:

"In the apostolic age the office of 'evangelist' would appear to have been one of wide scope, and allowing great latitude and variety of employment in the work of Christ. Philip, the lay deacon, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, became an evangelist, and we trace his labors, after he had left Jerusalem, in Samaria and Azotus, where he seems to have settled, retaining his style and title as an evangelist to the end of his life. But Timothy, Titus, and Erastus appear to have been evangelists of a much wider range of service, and of very varied work and commission, as they revolved continually around the great Apostle, moving in his orbit of light and power. Sometimes they attended personally on St. Paul, serving him at any and every point as need arose, and as his 'sons in the gospel.' Under him they preached and baptized as he directed. They visited the churches. At other times, commissioned with high authority, they made distant journeys among the churches, and comforted and exhorted them publicly, and from house to house, taking province by province, organizing and regulating everywhere, and 'ordaining elders in every city.' Thus the evangelist in apostolic times

might now serve as a curate, to use our modern terms of ecclesiastical ministering, now act as a home missionary pioneer, and again might wield powers equivalent to those of our American presiding elder or travelling bishop; from which it would appear that the work and office of an evangelist can scarcely take rank as a necessary particular in the organization of the churches locally and distributively. A great collective or connectional church, united, sympathetic, expansive, energetic, missionary, like the united church of the apostolic age, *could not be complete without its corps of evangelists.* But such ministers were not needed for the spiritual care of the separate local churches, such as that at Philippi or Crete. Hence, the directions as to ordination in the pastoral epistles relate only to the appointment in the churches of 'elders' or 'bishops,' that is, of pastors and teachers, — the office is the same, though the titles are various, — and of deacons. Accordingly, in a united, a national, a cosmopolitan church, evangelists are necessary to complete our ministerial provision and equipment; acting now as home missionary ministers, as district missionaries.

"The great majority of our ministers, however, are 'pastors and teachers,' and the evangelists themselves may at any time become 'pastors and teachers,' and will then find that, in their evan-

gelistic work, they have learned lessons of gospel truth and experience, and have gained power and aptitude for certain kinds of work, such as are of very high value in the ordinary exercises of their ministry.

"For it must be remembered, as I have intimated, that no distinct line of demarcation separates between the work of 'an evangelist' and that of 'the pastor and teacher.' The pioneer must at least initiate the organization of the church, or his labor will be mostly lost; and from the first, if he is to be successful, he must do pastoral work from house to house. On the other hand, the 'pastor and teacher,' the minister appointed, as we are accustomed to say, to the ordinary work of a circuit must be a pioneer, as he has opportunity, — must have a heart and a gift for evangelistic work, for opening new places, for awakening careless sinners, and bringing in new converts to the fold, — or he is wanting in some of the prime qualifications necessary for the complete and efficient discharge of the ministerial office. The two offices, — perhaps I should say the two functions, — accordingly, of 'evangelist' and of 'pastor and teacher,' melt into each other, and I shall not need further to distinguish them."

EVANGELISTS — AN OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY.

Rev. J. P. Brooks writes as follows:

"The office of evangelist is provided for by divine prescription. The mind of the Lord cannot be mistaken by us on the subject, if any candid attention be given to the record of the early church. Indeed, the missionary idea is the true evangelistic idea. And the early church, as well as the later church, is missionary in structure and spirit. We mean the church, according to the divine idea and order of it. So true is this, that a church cannot be a true gospel church unless it be impregnated with, and inspired by, the missionary spirit. 'Go ye into all the world,' — 'preach,' — 'to every creature.' Here, in the divine commission, is the elemental idea of evangelism; and here, too, is the original and God-asserted authorization of evangelistic work.

"As matter of fact it is true, that the mere office of preaching, as it is technically regarded, has never fulfilled the divine requirements concerning the Christian ministry. Nor yet have those requirements been fulfilled by the simple performance of pastoral functions. Evidently the work of the mere preacher, or the mere pastor, cannot fulfil the divine purpose touching the ministries

that our Lord has ordained for the indoctrination and edification of his people.

"There is both an outlying and an inlying work in connection with every church pastorate that requires the doing of work which the settled pastor cannot, or will not, perform. And so long as it remains true — and no doubt it will so remain until the dispensation ends — that pastors cannot do all they would, or will not do all they could, for the teaching and training of souls about them, so long will remain the necessity for evangelistic service. And this necessity providentially existing will be providentially supplied. God will raise up evangelists for the doing of the work that will not, perhaps cannot, be otherwise done.

"And then, it requires no words to show that, as to the Christian pastorate, all through the land, there is much outlying work, that if done at all, must be done by other than pastoral agencies. Wherever may be located the hypothetical or mythical boundary that encloses 'my parish,' outside that boundary are untaught and unsaved populations that no pastor can reach. Here is missionary work. Here is one of the open doors for evangelistic labor. And we are happy to know that evangelists have willingly and gladly gone, when guided of the Lord, to such places, and have wrought faithfully."

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH, EARLY LIFE, CONVERSION, AND QUALIFICATION TO PREACH.

THE subject of this narrative was born in Dorchester district, Boston, Massachusetts, December 25th, 1854. He was the son of a pious mother, whose earnest and faithful prayers were offered daily to Almighty God in his behalf. The longing desire of her heart was, that he may be converted in early life, and that he might be the instrument in the hands of God of leading a multitude of souls to Christ.

Joy unspeakable filled that mother's heart, to find that her fervent prayers were answered in his early conversion, and are now being constantly answered. She took pains to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Still he went on in the neglect of the salvation of his soul till he was past fifteen years of age. For years he had felt the strivings of the Holy Ghost in his heart, but refused to yield to His gentle prompt

ings. Death had to invade his home before he would yield to obey God. While he was visiting in New Brunswick, he was aroused to a sense of his sin, and danger before God, by the news of the sudden death of a younger brother. When this sad news reached him, the Spirit applied it to his heart, and he hasted home to see and sympathize with his afflicted parents. Conviction for sin sank deep into his heart, and there was no rest or peace till his soul bowed before God, and he cried for mercy. The burden of sin hung heavily upon his heart, and he waited before God day and night till the midnight hour of December 31st, 1869. As he was walking along Washington Street, Boston,— the snow was falling quite fast; just then the solemn midnight bell tolled the knell of the dying year, — the Holy Spirit revealed to his conscience his true state before God. He had been in the spirit of earnest prayer for some time, and in that solemn, midnight hour, all alone, he yielded his heart and will to Christ, and then and there he was born of God. The truth of God was brought to his mind as in a vision from heaven. Then he saw what Christ had done for him. Then he accepted Christ as his only hope of salvation, and consecrated to Him all his future life.

At this time he was engaged as a clerk in a store; but he felt that God had other work for him

to do; and by the advice of Rev. Daniel Richards, pastor of the Dorchester Methodist Episcopal Church, he at once commenced a course of study for the work of the Christian ministry. He entered as a student at Wilbraham Academy, of which the Rev. Edward Cook was at that time principal, and after remaining there some time, and receiving license to preach, he was received into Brooklyn Lay College, under the care of Dr. Talmage.

The following will be read with interest, and will show the work of the Holy Ghost in this youthful heart.

THOMAS HARRISON'S EXPERIENCE.

Thomas Harrison, the young and successful evangelist, gave his personal experience at the Lakeside Camp-meeting, where he was laboring. It was reported in the Cleveland *Leader*, as follows:

"Many people, in the last five years, especially the last year, have asked about my continued success, Wherein lieth the secret? To-night I'll give it to you. And it is the secret of any Christian's success. May the Lord help me — may the Lord help me while I am talking to you, perhaps for the last time.

"If there ever was a saint on earth, my mother

is that saint. It was a sacred hour when she knelt down before the open Bible, and, with her nand on my head, prayed, 'O God! save my boy.' I was finally converted in the old-fashioned, spiritual, Methodistic way, and converted most soundly, too. It was my mother's morning prayers that saved me. But before I yielded, these prayers bothered me a great deal, they worried me; and after school I would throw my books down, and go to my room and pray and weep.

"One summer I went down to New Brunswick on a vacation. I was having a good time, till one morning I received a telegram from home, running thus: 'Freddie is dead!' I went home, and found my mother very thin and pale. Her looks moved me, and when she again prayed, 'O God, save my boy,' I felt inclined to yield, but I didn't.

"I was standing, the next winter, on the street, in the snow, and leaning against a cold, icy lamp-post, when I heard a voice saying to me, 'Now or never.' And this, dear friends, is a point reached in every path, and we must cross it. But I said: 'Good God, you don't ask me to get down in the snow and ice. I can't kneel here in the street; just wait till I get to my room, and I'll give up all. I'm afraid, Lord, I'll freeze here.' Again I heard the voice, 'Now or never.' Again I remonstrated, I can't kneel here; I shall freeze, I know I shall.

But the voice came again, 'Now or never.' I gave up and cried, 'Now, Lord,' and he saved me as quick as a flash. Glory to God!

"Now, that's the way I was converted. But I did not get this baptism of power till some time after. I went on from my sixteenth to eighteenth year, attending the academy, and paying strict attention to all religious duties. But as John Wesley said, I only had sin in check, I didn't have sin removed. I still had a tendency to sin, and not till I received 'the second blessing,' did I part with all sin. I was two years seeking for this, and I'll tell you how I got it. I took one whole afternoon, and throwing my books aside, I went up into the mountain to pray six hours. I intended to pray six hours before I got up from my knees. I said, 'Now, knees, get ready; I don't care if you do get tired; I don't care if you do ache, and get stiff; I'm going to pray just six hours.' I tell you, my friends, I was in earnest; and when a Christian gets in earnest, something is going to break. Well, I kneeled down, and I didn't pray an hour; I didn't pray a half-hour; I didn't pray fifteen minutes, nor ten minutes, nor five. I prayed just two minutes and a half. I had the power, and shouted, and shouted, 'I've got it!' I shouted so loud I scared the birds out of the trees. I wen

down from the mountain, shouting and praising God."

After this mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost he soon began to win souls.

A BAPTISM OF FIRE.

"Mr. Harrison's success as a gatherer of souls was as sudden as it is remarkable. He had gone to his home in Boston during the vacation of the Lay College, for a short visit, and during his stay there went to Long Plain to see a college friend with whom he was intimate. He found his friend, conducting a special service, in which Mr. Harrison was invited to assist. No apparent results followed, but after the service his friend proposed that they should have a season of prayer together. 'Not here,' said his friend, 'nor in the house, where we should be liable to interruption; let us go into the grove behind the church and pray.' It was in the depth of winter, and snow was on the ground, but that did not deter the young men; and finding a spot where the thick foliage had kept the snow from penetrating, they fell on their knees, and wrestled for a blessing. As they prayed, the cold was forgotten, and the warmth glowing in their souls seemed to influence their bodies, for when they arose they felt as if it had been July instead of December.

"As they stood together, in that moment the assurance filled the breasts of both the young men that the blessing they had been seeking had been bestowed, and in full assurance of faith they anticipated a manifestation of God's power. That night's service was one never to be forgotten by the two friends. The meeting was opened by singing,

'Oh! for a thousand tongues to sing,'

and before its conclusion signs of the Holy Spirit's work were observed, and soon one after another among the congregation broke out in audible sobs and cries, beseeching for prayer that they might find Jesus. An invitation to those who were anxious to come to the front brought together a crowd never seen before in that place. Sinners seeking salvation, and believers who had been backsliders, were on their knees praying with one accord for mercy. That meeting was followed by others of a like character, and Mr. Harrison, who went to Long Plain for a day or two, remained for a month, and the whole Plain was stirred. From that remarkable beginning the preacher has always looked confidently for the power of God to be put forth, and corresponding results have attended his services everywhere."

IN BALTIMORE.

"The following spring, Mr. Harrison attended the meetings of the General Conference at Baltimore. During his visit he preached with marked success in the Utah Church, and the services were attended by many ministers of the Baltimore churches, who were struck by the evidences of pulpit power in one so young. The summer was spent in close application to study and active work in his native state, and in the fall he returned to Baltimore to hold special services. The work commenced at the Franklin Street church, in November, 1876. For six weeks he labored there with great success, many souls being converted and added to the church. From there he removed to Caroline Street, East Baltimore, and then to St. John's Independent church, North Liberty Street.

"There the meetings were larger, and were more powerfully moved than had as yet been seen, as many as fifty persons, in a single night, presenting themselves at the altar, avowing their faith in Jesus, and their determination, in God's strength, to live for Him. A call came, while Mr. Harrison was at St. John's, from the Union Square Methodist church, of which Dr. France was pastor; and thither Mr. Harrison proceeded. The first meeting was held February 5, 1877, and during

twenty weeks the work went on. At the close of the services no less than a thousand persons, some of them notorious for their godlessness, were brought into the church, and testified openly what God had done for their souls."

All this shows the power of entire sanctification, of being filled with the fulness of God, and being baptized with the Holy Ghost. For two years after his conversion he was waiting before God for this successful anointing, and then he had a distinct and immediate work of God in his soul, by which he was fully sanctified to God, and filled with the Holy Ghost and power. So that he would have been only like the masses of ordinary Christians, and the great work for God would never have been done, and multitudes of sinners might have perished forever, if this youth had not yielded to the Holy Ghost, and given himself entirely to God.

Oh, that all young men who read this might abandon themselves to the will and work of God! I would not be understood to teach that all young men would be equally successful if they were equally sanctified. Still, they would not be so extensively useful without this sanctification. So that if they would do the greatest good to the greatest number, in the shortest time, they must be filled with the Holy Ghost just as early in life

as possible. In all ages God has been pleased to work through fully consecrated agencies. Oh, young men, give yourselves fully to God! *Be wholly the Lord's.* Put yourselves fully into his hands, and he will make you mighty in doing good.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND OTHER POINTS.

"In person Mr. Harrison is slight in figure, rather under medium height, and in a crowd would scarcely be distinguished as one possessed of unusual power in any direction. Unassuming and modest in demeanor, yet withal self-possessed and gentlemanly in bearing, he would be set down as simply a fair type of the average well-bred New York or Brooklyn young man. Yet there is a rare twinkle in his deep-set gray eyes, which occasionally gives token of a mind capable of keen thought and a brimming fund of wit. Indeed, it may be said that one of the chief sources of his power, humanly speaking, is consecrated wit. This it is which saves him from ever becoming tedious to an audience. His addresses, which are always short and pointed, are variegated with anecdotes and colloquies with imaginary objectors, couched in such terms as frequently to awaken a ripple of amusement, and yet, because of that self-same quaint and entertaining drollery, to hold the attention, and carry every point irresistibly in the

minds of the hearers. In Mr. Harrison's mental constitution, as with so many others, love of fun seems linked with susceptibility to the deepest pathos. In the light and shade of his discourses, therefore, there is many a passage which melts the most callous to tears. As if by sheer force of contrast, the mind which one moment relishes a flash of wit seems thereby to be thrown into a fitter mood to appreciate the fervent appeal to the inmost feelings which oftentimes follows. Perhaps another source of Mr. Harrison's uncommon power with an audience is his personal magnetism. In delivery he is quick, nervous, extremely terse in language, and lightning-like in his movements. While speaking it is impossible not to both watch him and listen to him intently. And in his conduct of the after proceedings, and hand-to-hand dealing with individual inquirers, that singular power which some men have over others seems in him to be conspicuously displayed.

"But any analysis of the sources of his success would be wofully inadequate which did not recognize first and last the baptism of the Holy Ghost, for work with which he is so evidently so largely endowed. When men become utterly consecrated, when they become totally empty of self, when they earnestly seek the gift of the Holy Ghost for service, the Spirit comes down upon them, dwells

in them, and energizes and works through their human faculties, in a way, and to the achievement of results, of which they, unaided, would never have been capable. It is a matter for great congratulation that a young man, of such temperament and talents as Mr. Harrison, should have thus unreservedly placed himself as an instrument in the Master's hands, and more especially that in the midst of his wonderful success — although so young that success might easily turn his head — he yet remains as humble and sincerely devoted as when he began."

Rev. J. S. Inskip testifies:

"I have found Mr. Harrison exceedingly docile and unpretentious. We have never seen a more perfectly childlike character. We like the man, and God has approved his work. We remember it is written, 'Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm.' It is a serious thing to wound or hinder one of the Lord's chosen ones."

Rev. J. S. Inskip says in another place:

"There is much of the 'innermost' about him, and perhaps in this will be found one of the sources of his real strength. He is by no means stoical or insensible to praise or censure. Indeed, he feels acutely any misrepresentation made of himself or of his operations. He is tenderly and becomingly sensitive. Nevertheless, there seems to be about

him a kind of retired, reserved interior life, which a close observer will readily detect at any time and everywhere. In the midst of the most genial and hearty fraternal communings with society around him, it is obvious his thoughts and affections are drawn to the unseen. Through the glow and smiles incident to a high degree of joyous intimacy and fellowship, it is apparent he has within himself a source of care and comfort to which the world are strangers.

"In the next place, he is intensely sincere. He believes every sentence that he utters. His appeals to the unconverted are the result of a clear conviction that, unless they repent and be converted, they will be damned. His creed, perhaps, may not be any more clearly defined in his own mind than it is to others, but his general adherence to what are designated orthodox doctrines has given caste and character to all his ministrations. He is never what would be designated new, bold, or adventurous in his theological ideas. In fact, he seems to have but few of these, and what he has are of the most plain and practical type. He evidently is far more interested in sal vation than he is in theology. His sincerity is allied with the most undoubting confidence. He never attempts to argue, but contents himself with *asserting* the truth. He does not seem to admit

the necessity of arguing or proving the truth, but speaks of it as though he had no doubt concerning it. Do not ministers of the Gospel sometimes make a mistake in using so much time to demonstrate the great first principles of religion? His course is to prove nothing, but he boldly and confidently asserts what he seems to know is true.

"The range of thought he pursues is not by any means wide, and never is complicated. In pressing people to come to Jesus and be saved, he takes no time to explain or demonstrate the doctrine of justification by faith. When addressing the church, and prompting them to seek a higher state of experience, he attempts no labored analysis of the different theories of entire sanctification or perfect love. He urges the *subject* upon the attention of those who listen to him. The mere theory has no prominence, if indeed he takes any particular interest in it. He has a message upon his heart to deliver, and he puts it forth as a conviction of his own mind, or a gushing emotion of his own heart. Moreover, he is, with all his eccentricities, wondrously natural. There is no art or guile about him. He never would be judged as crafty or cunning, but is as artless as a child. All who listen to what little he does say are impressed that he speaks from conviction and feeling. All these, and many other kindred elements of char-

acter, which might be alluded to, in some measure will explain why it is that such wonderful results follow his labors.

"But if we would know the true secret of his power, we must look beyond all such considerations. His sincerity, unction, confidence, simplicity, &c., all combined, do not settle the question with which we started. He succeeds, as we believe, because he is truly devout and pious, and is living in constant and closest fellowship with the Holy Ghost. He prays much in secret, and learns for himself the method and fulness of salvation on his knees. He prays more than he studies, and his emotional nature is continually aglow with the love of Christ, and a desire to save souls. He is enamored with the work of soul-saving. His religious experience, for one so young, all things considered, is truly wonderful. Before he attained the enjoyment of the blessing of entire sanctification he gave no evidence of any remarkable gifts or enduements. But as soon as he came to know by experience the fulness of God, he became mighty in word and work."

CHAPTER II.

SUMMERFIELD AND HARRISON.

JUST at the close of the last century Rev. John Summerfield was born in Preston, England. His career was so short and brilliant, and he drew such crowds to hear him, that his name has been mentioned in connection with that of Mr. Harrison. There was a mighty contrast between them.

1. In the *matter* of their pulpit ministration.

2. In their *manners* of public address.

Still there were many points of analogy upon which I wish to dwell.

1. They were both born of pious parents, and had the Christian training that only such parents can give.

2. They were both converted in early life, though Mr. Summerfield became a wild youth before he was converted. Mr. Harrison was never ranked among wild young men.

3. They were both baptized with the Holy Ghost after they were converted, and this mighty baptism prepared them for their future and exten-

sive usefulness. Summerfield says, "I received an unction from on high." So did Mr. Harrison.

4. They both began to preach while they were very young. The baptism of the Holy Ghost was like fire shut up in their bones, and they could not keep still.

Summerfield began to preach with great power when he was twenty-one, and he looked much younger than he was. His coat was little less than a jacket. This, with his youthful appearance and delicate frame, gave him the resemblance of a boy.

When somebody told him of his boyish coat he said:

"Why, I am nothing but a boy."

Mr. Harrison began to exhort when he was about seventeen. He was so young and so slender in body that he was but a boy, and even now, when he is twenty-six years of age, he looks very much like a boy. His movements are quick and boyish, yet, in his public labors, he has the power of a giant.

5. They both had seals to their early ministry. These were divine attestations to their call to preach. The hand of the Lord was with them both. Three souls were converted at one of Summerfield's earliest attempts to preach. The Lord owned him from the very first. He was like a "torch of fire in a sheaf." So it was with Mr.

Harrison: God converted souls by his early labors, and so it has been ever since.

6. They were both *fearless*, *fervent*, and *self-sacrificing*.

(1.) They were *fearless*. God filled them both with that perfect love that casteth out fear. So that they were not afraid of men or of devils; and this fearlessness was a great source of their strength.

(2.) They were both *fervent*. There was a glow of holy fire and heavenly fervor in their souls, that gave them a power in their public ministrations. In listening to their preaching you soon felt the fire of their burning love.

> "O for that flame of living fire
> Which shone so bright in saints of old!"

(3.) They were both self-sacrificing. Summerfield literally wore himself out for the good of others. He could truly say, with the blessed Jesus, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." He laid down his life for the good of others, and died in his twenty-eighth year. Brother Harrison is travelling in his steps, and can sing:

> "My life, my blood, I here present,
> If for thy truth they may be spent."

He throws his whole soul into the work of plucking sinners as brands from the burning, and build-

ing up the cause of God. It is as true now as ever. Somebody must labor; somebody must *sacrifice;* somebody must be ready to *lay down their lives* for others, or this world will never be converted to God.

Not that I think Mr. Harrison will die as early as Mr. Summerfield, for he seems to have a stronger constitution, and with the divine blessing he may live and labor till he is fifty years of age, and become increasingly useful every year. Lord grant that he may. Amen.

8. Summerfield had a peculiar power of eloquence. While preaching from the text, "If a man believe my sayings he shall never see death," he introduced a part of Pope's Address of the Dying Christian to his Soul:

"What is this absorbs me quite?"

And when he came to the line,

"Lend, lend your wings!
I mount, I fly!" —

hundreds of the audience arose involuntarily from their seats, and the close of the quotation found them standing on their feet, with their heads inclined toward the preacher, who seemed to have so little of humanity about him except the fetters that were soon to be dropped.

Mr. Harrison is by no means eloquent after this sort; still he will hold those vast audiences in the greatest stillness while he is telling them the simplest story, and they will lean over the gallery to listen to his inspired speech, and their hearts will be stirred to their deepest depth. Some of his Sunday-night exhortations are indeed mighty, arousing the whole congregation. Many who came with curiosity to see the youthful preacher, have found themselves pierced with the arrows of the Almighty. They came to scoff, but they returned to pray.

9. They were both followed by large congregations. A minister told me recently that he did not know a minister, of any church, that would draw so great a crowd as Mr. Harrison, in the city of Baltimore.

Summerfield was so elegant in his speech, and so cultivated in his manners, and so musical in his voice, that he would charm any body of people that came to hear him; withal, his sermons were studied with so much care, and delivered with so much eloquence, that it was the luxury of a lifetime to be permitted to listen to him. Hence the crowds that always hung upon his lips.

10. They were both self-educated men. Summerfield began at once to preach, and had finished his most eventful and useful life before some min-

isters have completed their college and theological education.

Mr. Harrison went to Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, and to the Lay College in Brooklyn; but he did not stop long enough in either to claim a title to be an educated man.

11. They both made the greatest use of what education they had, and extended their usefulness over a vast territory, and among vast multitudes of men.

12. They were both evangelists in the true sense of the term, — wandering from place to place, and from State to State, and from city to city, and never settling down to the pastoral work. They sowed that others might reap.

13. They were both born and reared, and labored, in the Methodist Church, and seldom labored outside of her communion.

14. They both had great catholicity of spirit, and rejoiced in the success of all the churches, and were willing to help them as far as it lay in their power.

"Summerfield was not a man of every day; there is yet fire enough in his ashes to kindle a flame that will be much longer lived than himself." —*Montgomery.*

CHAPTER III.

REVIVALS IN BALTIMORE.

I HAVE swept round this city, this day, among the leading ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to find out, and gather up the facts relating to the labors of Rev. Thomas Harrison in this city. My soul has been thrilled, again and again, to learn the glorious and marvellous things that God did for this city while Mr. Harrison was here. It is almost impossible to tell the simple truths in the matter.

There were such wonderful displays of divine power that the best ministers of this city never saw before, and some of them think they never will see again.

Mr. Harrison came to Baltimore for the first time, in the spring of 1876, to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Having formed some acquaintance here, he came again in the fall of the same year. He preached a few times in Eutaw Street church, at the time of the General Conference, but did not stay long.

Revival services were going on at Franklin Street church, and the pastor, Rev. S. Shannon, invited Mr. Harrison to come over and preach one evening. He did so, and the power of God was with him, and he remained there for several weeks. The interest continued till one hundred and fifty were converted; quite a number of them were saved before the evangelist began his labors.

This was a glorious work, and showed that the blessing of God was upon him, and this began to give him power in the city.

Franklin Street church was mightily strengthened by this extensive and radical revival, besides the general good that was done to the whole region around, among ministers and people.

CAROLINE STREET CHURCH.

Rev. J. C. Hagey was the popular pastor of this church, and he was in the midst of a gracious revival, while Mr. Harrison was finishing his labors at Franklin Street church. By special invitation, and previous engagement, he went to help the pastor at Caroline Street. His presence gave a new impetus to this work, and it rolled on in great power. Hand-bills were printed, and scattered broadcast, and every means was used to draw the people. It seemed easier to get sinners converted when the crowds came in. There is an enthusiasm

in numbers, and men are swayed by one another. Mr. Harrison seemed to have more power when the house was packed with people; — not that men convert one another, but they influence one another.

Mr. Harrison was just getting a permanent hold on the people of Baltimore; and the meetings soon became so deeply interesting, that the people could not well keep away. And so he prospers wherever he goes. The pastor says, that one part of his success is in the fact, that he is perfectly independent of what the people may *think* of him, or *say* about him, and uttterly careless how many times he uses the same hymn, or tells the same story, if they only serve to bring souls to the altar. He will go on in the same line as long as it succeeds, and then take up another. *He is utterly abandoned to success;* anything to win a soul, and help on the cause of Christ. There were ninety-seven converted in this revival. The church was wonderfully quickened, and many substantial members were added to it.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below."

Some time after this revival, and while Mr. Harrison was having such mighty victories at Union Square church, Mr. Hagey met Mr. Harrison, and

said to him, "How do you account for such a wonderful work?"

"I do not account for it at all," said Mr. Harrison, "*it is the work of God!*"

"You must do a great deal of fasting and prayer to obtain so much power," said Mr. Hagey.

"Ah, there you have it; that is the secret," said Mr. Harrison.

And because he so fully relies upon the power of God, he is independent, to a great extent, of the help, or of the opinions of men. It is wonderful how free a man feels who has God to lean upon.

Oh, when will all God's ministers secure this wonderful power, and learn to stand alone with God! who says, "They that honor me, I will honor." Oh, that all his ministers would

"Make good their apostolic boast;
Their high commission fully prove:
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And filled with faith, and hope, and love."

SAINT JOHN'S PROTESTANT INDEPENDENT CHURCH.

About this time Mr. Harrison was called to assist Rev. J. Jones, (who has since died in the triumphs of faith,) in revival services.

Many souls were converted in this revival. It was a great victory for the time spent there.

At this time the eyes of the city of Baltimore were upon Mr. Harrison, and the pastors were wondering if it would be expedient to invite him into the large churches of the city. Solomon says, "A man's gift shall make room for him." So in this case it was a true proverb, for the wonderful gift of the Holy Ghost, which was bestowed upon Mr. Harrison, made room for him in many of the churches of this ancient city.

Rev. W. Downs, the presiding elder, took a special interest in Mr. Harrison, and recommended him to the Rev. Dr. France, pastor of the Union Square church.

REVIVAL AT UNION SQUARE CHURCH.

This is a large and substantial brick church, and became the place of spiritual power, and of heavenly glory, as manifested in a revival that led about one thousand souls to Christ.

These meetings commenced February 5, 1877, with great power. It pleased God to pour out his spirit so mightily that the people would pack the house for an hour and a half before the time of service, and some would stand on the sidewalk all the evening to hear the singing. And so awfully were the sinners convicted that they would rush forward to the altar, even before they were invited,

so that, before the opening services were concluded, they would rush to the altar for prayer.

Many times they had to take the evening collection over the heads of an altar full of mourners. Strong men were seen literally pressing through the crowds, with their overcoats on their arms and their hats in their hands. One man could not get down the stairs from the gallery very well; so he came sliding down one of the bannisters of the church, to get to the altar.

It was perfectly marvellous to see so many persons under the deepest conviction, and crying to God for salvation. They were glad to do anything to get rid of the burden of their sins. Many of them felt that they must be saved or die.

No altar was large enough to hold them. So this work went on, week after week, and month after month, till the converts were numbered by the hundred. The pastor was very careful to examine every convert himself, so that there should be no sham work. He asked each of them:

"Are you saved?"

"Do you know it?"

When they could answer in the affirmative, the pastor allowed them to sing the doxology.

This revival swept on and on till nearly nine hundred and forty souls were recorded at the church. How many were saved at their homes,

whose names were not taken, we cannot tell. God knows. How many weak believers were made strong, how many ministers were newly inspired for their work, and how much sin was prevented, we shall never know.

The best of it is, that it was no sham work. Men were struck under conviction, and groaned in their souls till they were radically saved of God. Rev. Mr. Hildt, one of the oldest ministers of the city, says of these meetings, and of this work of grace: "For pungent conviction, and thoroughness of conversion, this work surpasses anything I have ever seen."

Judge Supplee, one of the grandest men of Baltimore, says: "The solemn awe that at times rested upon the congregation excelled everything I ever felt or witnessed, in all my religious experience. Nor have I ever witnessed a deeper or more pungent conviction, or clearer or sounder conversions. I consider this one of the most gracious, powerful, and extensive revivals, in a single church, of this or of any other age, since the days of the apostles."

The above is, in substance, the testimony of all the pastors I have consulted with, and all the laymen, too.

Rev. W. Downs says: "It was the most remarkable work of grace I ever saw. I never saw more

marked and powerful conversions,—more after the old times. I never knew a work so deep, thorough, and extensive. There was such a rush to the altar, that before the first opening hymn was sung they would begin to come, till sometimes Brother Harrison would tell them not to come till he invited them."

Basket collections had to be taken over the heads of fifty or sixty penitents.

Dr. France kept a faithful record of what became of the converts, and how many joined the church, and also how many joined the other churches; and he declares that the falling away of the converts was only three per cent., whereas in ordinary revivals it is thirty-three per cent.

Now let the reader realize, if he can, the magnitude of the work that this "boy preacher" has done in this city up to this time. He came here a mere stripling, and almost a perfect stranger, fresh from Dr. Talmage's Lay College, and only twenty-two years of age. His peculiar ways helped to prejudice many against him at first sight. He lies low before God, and abides his time. God opens one door after another till a great and effectual door is opened, and there is such a sweep of divine life that nearly ten hundred are put on record, after careful examination, who have been converted in one church. And a

whole city bows in respect to the man whom God delighted to honor. Everybody seems to stand in awe before God.

The great harvest of souls gathered at UNION SQUARE church was well cared for by the faithful pastor, after Mr. Harrison left. Months after this I read, in the *Christian Standard*, by Rev. J. S. Inskip, as follows: —

"The good fruits of the great revival remain, and are being carefully harvested by Dr. France and an efficient body of official brethren, who are working most faithfully in looking after the new converts. It is a good place for "young converts" to live and grow. Class-meetings are attractive, and well attended, and the prayer-meetings are spiritual and animated. They are just such meetings as benefit, as well as interest, the people. It is a spiritual church, and all their operations seem to be conducted with reference to spiritual ends."

I had the unspeakable privilege of preaching in this Union Square church last Sabbath evening. I confess that I felt a sacred awe come over my spirit at the remembrance of the wonderful times of power that they had enjoyed in that church. The revival spirit has been in it ever since. Eighteen have been converted there lately, and four or five were seeking salvation the night that I preached there. Glory to God forever and ever! Amen and amen.

REMARKS.

1. This whole religious movement, under this simple-hearted evangelist, illustrates the fact that in this age of intelligence it does not require much book learning or college training to subdue the people before God.

2. That, as in olden times, a man can now sway the masses, and lead them to Christ, if he is filled with the Holy Ghost and fully consecrated to his work.

3. That God can use the weakest worm to thresh the greatest mountain. God seems to have said to Mr. Harrison: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold I will make thee a new, sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, and thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff."

This brother has so much power that the largest crowds do not move him at all. With a few simple words, and a shout of "Glory to God," he moves his vast congregations, from one end to the other. There is such a divine energy in him that he will hold and interest the same congregation, month after month, and will keep them spell-bound while he relates the simplest story, that they have heard him tell forty times before.

I have seen him come in, and walk to the front of the platform, start a hymn, and suddenly he will speak a few words, on some special point, and the whole congregation is moved.

I would to God that all gospel ministers would hear God saying to them, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee. Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

I am fully persuaded that no amount of reasoning will ever melt the human soul. It takes the lightning flashes of the Holy Ghost to penetrate the hidden recesses of the human soul, and lay bare the human conscience, and make the sinner feel the weight of his sin, and start the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

There is a secret, mysterious, and all-penetrating power that accompanies the words of some ministers, and makes them mighty over men and devils. Let every minister and layman learn this great fact, and place his entire confidence for success in the power of the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER IV.

BALTIMORE REVIVALS CONTINUED — MADISON SQUARE REVIVAL.

Rev. G. G. Baker was pastor at Madison Square, and had waited for nearly a year to have Mr. Harrison come and help him in revival work. At length he came, and God came with him, for souls were converted in the very first service that they held together. Mr. Harrison's popularity was so great that the church was packed from the first. So great was the crowd, and so extensive was the interest, that sometimes the meetings were held in the church and in the vestry at the same time; the pastor taking charge in the vestry, and Mr. Harrison going down occasionally and giving a new inspiration to the meeting, meanwhile the pastor taking charge of the meeting in the church.

The masses gathered from every quarter, including many that had not been to church for many years. The spirit of God smote them on every hand, and they crowded the altar and the

mercy seat, night and day. One man was such a noted sinner, and such a fierce character, that some were afraid to go and speak to him. At length the pastor ventured to do so, and was surprised to find that this poor sinner was subdued by the Holy Ghost, and ready to go at once to the altar for prayers. He was a man of mind, and became a good worker in the church. He lived and labored for Christ only two years, when God took him to his eternal home in heaven.

The tidal wave of salvation rolled so high that it reached many souls that had lain upon the shores for many years. Some who had been seeking salvation for six or eight years were brought into the experience of true religion in those meetings. Many members of other churches were brought by the light of the Holy Spirit to see that they had never been converted. They broke down before God, and went to the altar and found salvation. Mr. Harrison would find them out in the congregation, and ask them, "Are you converted? Do you know it?" They became so thoroughly convicted of sin that they were willing to do anything to obtain salvation. Some of them could neither eat nor sleep till they found Christ as their true Saviour. Members of the Universalist church were radically converted, and became great workers in their own church. Many Roman Catholics were

led to see the folly of confessing to the priest, and they confessed to the Lord Jesus Christ, and obtained the pardon of their sins, without money and without price. They learned to sing, —

> "Nothing can for sin atone,
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
> Naught of good that I have done,
> Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

They became good workers in the Protestant churches, to the great grief of their former leaders, the priests.

The pastor says that sixty children came to the altar in one night, and that forty-eight of them were converted that night, and forty-two the next night. Many of these children were from other Sabbath schools, and some of them from no Sabbath school. The converts were organized into a praying band, and they went to work among their friends, and brought in their reports before the public meeting. This was in the early stage of the meeting.

Mr. Harrison had a wonderful faculty of getting others to work. One man, who had a large factory, brought over thirty of his men to those meetings, and they were converted. I am glad to record that while Mr. Harrison is exceedingly discreet with young ladies, so that I have not heard a whisper against him in that direction, yet he is

an apostle to young men, and wins multitudes of them to Christ. They naturally gather around him.

It is remarkable, too, that this meeting was within rifle-shot of where Mr. D. L. Moody was holding services. Both churches were crowded; but it was evident that there was the greatest manifestation of divine power at Madison Square; so that while other ministers suspended their meetings for Mr. Moody's meeting, Mr. Moody thought it was best to continue meetings at Madison Square.

The meetings at Madison Square ran on for sixteen weeks; and such weeks of triumph and salvation that church never saw before or since. So radical and thorough was the conviction of sinners, that one man said it seemed as though he should drop into hell before he got to that altar.

Mr. Harrison has the Bible for his text-book, and revivals for his sermon; or rather revival stories make up the substance of all his preaching. Sometimes he thinks he was not called to preach and teach, but to exhort and *get men to act.* Others may do the preaching and the teaching; his aim is the immediate conversion of sinners. This is all his theme out of meeting, as well as in meeting. It is hard work to get him to talk about anything else Some said he could not preach a sermon;

but Mr. Baker says he heard him preach one excellent sermon. Still, he makes himself of no reputation on this line, and sets aside all the ordinary rules of others, and begins his meetings, and carries them on, in the most informal manner. They are without form or comeliness.

There were times when the power of God was so manifest in these meetings that the people were spellbound. *They stood in awe before God*, for his majesty was great among them. A trembling would take hold of the congregation. They would quiver, and hardly know what to think or what to expect from God or man. Some of his exhortations were with tremendous power, and so awful was the conviction, that sinners would press their way from the gallery, through the vestibule, and up through the crowded aisles, to get to the altar before they fell into the fit of despair. When one of these had got as far as the vestibule they told him he could not get through the crowd to the altar.

"Then I must kneel down here;" and he fell upon his knees, crying for mercy. When they saw his earnestness, they made a way for him, and on he pressed, to bow at the altar, before God. This shows that there was no surface work in this revival. Sinners were told the awful end of the

wicked, and especially the glorious end of the righteous.

This leads me to notice that Mr. Harrison dwells mainly upon the *joys* and *triumphs* of the Christian life, and the grace and goodness of God, as the basis of his plea with sinners, rather than upon the terrors of hell.

He reaches men upon the practical and experimental side; yet he is faithful to warn them of the eternal consequences of a life of sin, and tells them that God will hold them responsible for these invitations of mercy, and that he will appear against them at the bar of God unless they repent.

Every person converted was put upon record, and "The Ladies and Pastor's Union" visited every case; so that the work was carefully husbanded, under the care of the pastor; and thus other members of those families were found out. Take the following for an example. First, a young man was converted, then his lady, then his mother, then his sister, then her husband, then her husband's partner in business, then the young man's father was converted, and then his cousin.

And so the good work went on, from conquering to conquer, till seven or eight hundred professed conversion; and so great was the membership of this church, that if they had all come

to church at one time, some two hundred of them would have had to stand, or sit in the aisles; for the seats of the church were not large enough to hold them.

There were over one thousand members to be cared for, and the responsibility was fearfully great. This was at the closing up of the pastor's third year, so that he had to leave them to the care of his successor in office, Rev. R. Norris, who found work enough for two men, and found it impossible to do all he would have been glad to have done, for this mass of immortal beings. I had a long conversation with him about the work, and he declared that the revival was as genuine, and as thorough a work of God, and as lasting, as any he ever saw of its dimensions. This brother is a revivalist himself, and has a glorious revival going on now, in this same church. Thirteen were seeking salvation one night last week.

In the midst of Mr. Harrison's meetings, a friend writes as follows:

"The great revival at Madison Square church, led by Rev. Thomas Harrison, the evangelist, has been in progress over eight weeks, and the power and interest manifested are constantly increasing. The work is perfectly wonderful, and fathers, mothers, and children, are nightly seeking religion. Over three hundred and twenty have already

professed conversion, more than one hundred of whom are men. Nearly two hundred have joined the church where he labors, and nearly that number are still seeking religion. Brother Harrison is popular, and greatly beloved by ministers who know him well. He never preaches, or tries to preach, at any of his meetings, nor does he give others the chance. Indeed, it looks as if preaching were at a discount now in this city; and some of our ablest ministers confessed recently at our Preachers' Meeting, that their best pulpit efforts have been a failure, and that intellectual sermons don't save souls or meet the real wants of humanity."

PURE CHANNEL.

Yesterday I heard a glorious sermon by Dr. Gaurd of Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore. At the close I asked a member of this church what he thought of Rev. Mr. Harrison. He said, "He is a pure channel, through which the grace of God can flow." How true this is! He is a simple-hearted man of God; and God streams through him, as clear light does through a clean pane of glass. There is no obstruction to the light, no setting up of self, no elaborate argument to perplex the sinner's mind, no flourish of trumpets. Then I looked up at the beautiful

stained glass of the windows of this Mount Vernon Church, that look so pleasing to the eyes, and yet so obstruct the light of the sun that artificial light has to be used in a dark day. And thus it is with many ministers. They have so much of the beautiful and ornamental in their sermons that they dazzle the eyes, and becloud the hearts, of their hearers, and shut out the divine light. The sun of righteousness cannot shine through them. Lord, have mercy upon us! Amen.

EMORY CHURCH, BALTIMORE.

After leaving Ryland Church, Washington, he came to assist Rev. S. M. Hartsock, at Emory Church. The pastor reports that there were wonderful displays of the power of God. Not only was the church packed in every part, but the altar was crowded with penitents, and converts multiplied on every hand. But all this was not gained without a mighty conflict.

Rev. R. Norris says that he attended some of these meetings, and that one night, after brother Harrison had sang, and prayed, and exhorted, not a single sinner would come forward to the altar. He turned and invited the ministers to exhort, but they all refused. Not a single soul would stir to come forward. Brother Harrison sprang on to the table, and said, "It is no use to look to me. There

is something wrong here. I cannot help you. Let all the people bow their heads, and look to God." Then he began to pray one of the most powerful and pathetic prayers that ever fell from mortal lips. He told God that some people were saved by reasoning, some by eloquence; but he could not move them without the Holy Ghost, and he cried to God for the spirit to be poured upon that whole congregation, and he kept on praying till the people began to sob and cry all over the church, so that they could be heard. He kept on praying till he had told the Lord all about the matter, and claimed the victory by an *unwavering faith.*

When he finished praying the people came rushing to the altar till fifty souls were there, crying for mercy, and many of them were converted that very night.

1. This shows that he is *a man of faith.*

2. That he is a man acquainted with God, who knows how to call upon him in the day of trial, and secure deliverance.

3. That he is a man of courage, who would not yield to discouragements in the darkest emergency.

4. That he is a man of prayer, who lives in close communion with God in *secret,* and therefore God has rewarded him openly.

5. That he is a skilful general, who could, by

calling upon God, turn that apparent defeat into a glorious victory.

6. This should teach all God's ministers to go and do likewise.

This revival at Emory Church was wonderful indeed. Hundreds were truly converted to God. The church was so literally packed with people an hour or two before the time that it was difficult for the ministers to get into the pulpit; yet through that dense mass the mourners would press to the altar from every part of the church, night after night, and month after month; and many times they would rush to the altar before they were invited, and before the opening prayer had been offered, so that sometimes Mr. Harrison could not speak more than five or ten minutes before the whole meeting was turned into an altar service, and souls were saved every night, and sometimes in large numbers.

Some of the meetings were held day and evening, and some of the people would stay at the church all day long. It was something as it was on the day of Pentecost, when they were daily in the temple, and of one accord, and the Lord added to the church daily such as were saved. The pastor says Mr. Harrison would come into the church and say, "We shall have a wonderful time in this meeting to-night. I have been with God, and he

tells me his secrets. I have prevailed with God in prayer, and I know we shall prevail with the people." Whole families were converted to God.

This whole revival was a marvellous manifestation of divine power and saving mercy. Multitudes were in the valley of decision, and multitudes were born into the family of God.

There was a vast increase of membership in the Baltimore conference during these revivals. One presiding elder reported an increase of thirteen hundred members.

For about two years Mr. Harrison made Baltimore his headquarters, from which he made excursions to Trenton, N. J., to Washington, D. C., and to Georgetown, D. C., and attended the camp-meetings in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER V.

REVIVALS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

JUST before going to Washington, Mr. Harrison held a successful series of revival meetings in Trenton, N. J. Large crowds flocked to the great church to hear that young evangelist, and many were converted. But the work was not so extensive as in some places, because Mrs. Lowrey, the converted actress, had labored in the same church, and had seen about four hundred conversions. Still the interest was so great that Mr. Harrison had to delay the work in Washington for two weeks, to proclaim salvation to the multitudes that hung upon his lips in Trenton.

Mr. Harrison's first appearance in Washington was at the Ryland Church, to assist Rev. E. D. Owens, pastor, who had made incessant efforts to secure his services, and had waited so long that the revival had already begun. Many had already been converted. The evangelist's presence gave the work a new impetus, and drew many to the

church that had not been used to attend divine worship. The power of God came down, and the revival swept on in wonderful majesty, till one hundred and fifty were converted to God. Sometimes fifteen or eighteen were saved of God in a single night, and the work was deep and abiding.

There were some very marked cases of conversion, — the following among the rest. Mr. Miller was head and shoulders taller than any other man in the church. He had not been used to attend divine worship, but was drawn in by the novelty of hearing a "boy preacher." The Holy Spirit deeply awakened his conscience. The Spirit so fully convicted him that he pressed his way down the aisle, and bowed his great body before the mighty God, and was so gloriously converted that he almost leaped for joy. This was rather dangerous where so many were kneeling around him: so several of the brethren helped him over to the inside of the altar. Then he declared what great things God had done for his soul. Like the converted eunuch "he went on his way rejoicing." He served the Lord with all his heart, and with a willing mind. But in a few days he was taken sick with typhoid fever. When the pastor called to see him he said: "It was well for me that I was converted. I was just in time. I have a

power in my soul that makes me rejoice in hope of heaven."

He told his experience to the unconverted doctor who attended him, and this so deeply impressed his mind that he wept, while he said to his pastor: "I never heard anything like it. It was wonderful to see a man so happy in the near approach of death. It was a strong evidence of the power of Divine grace."

His faith never wavered. Although he was away from home, seeking a place in the Government employ, and was cut off in the midst of his purposes, yet his trust was in God, and he was not afraid to enter into the rest of heaven. He talked to all that called upon him, as far as he was able. His soul was all illuminated with the light of heaven. And thus he was translated from the capital of the nation to the capital city of the universe — the home of the King of kings, Father. Son, and Holy Ghost. He lived only twenty-seven days after he was converted. Thank God! the converts die well.

Brother Harrison had to hurry away to Emory Church, Baltimore, but the pastor carried on the meetings after the evangelist left, and one hundred and thirty joined the church in full membership. The pastor speaks in glowing terms of Mr. Harrison's labors. He says: "I studied him inside and

out, and worked with him in glorious harmony. Fifty souls were at the altar the night Mr. Harrison left." The pastor took delight in accompanying Mr. Harrison all the way to the Emory Church parsonage, Baltimore, and gave him a hearty introduction to the pastor and his family.

REVIVAL AT GEORGETOWN.

Rev. R. Norris was three years pastor of the Dumbarton Street church, Georgetown. He was favored with several revivals during this time. In his third year about fifty were converted, which made up about all that he could gather in from his church and congregation. He prevailed upon Mr. Harrison to come and help him to gather in from abroad. This was in the fall of 1878.

There was a conflict of faith the first few nights, but soon the victory came. The house was packed, from week to week, for six weeks, till nearly every family in the city was reached. It is said to be the most glorious revival of religion ever experienced in that aristocratic city. All classes and ranks of society were reached, especially that class that needed saving. Hundreds were converted; two hundred and twenty joined this church on probation, and one hundred and eighty joined in full membership.

Georgetown will never forget the labors of this

young evangelist. The good done can never be estimated. Eternity will tell the mighty results of this wonderful work of God.

The next church in Washington that Mr. Harrison labored in was Twelfth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Henry Nice, pastor. The meetings continued for three weeks, and forty persons are reported as converted. This is about all I can learn of these meetings. This was of infinite value to this church and people, and is far more converts than some churches have in a whole year.

After a few days' rest at his home in Boston, this tireless evangelist was called to test his faith and skill in revival services in the Foundry Church, the *central* and *leading* Methodist church in Washington.

FOUNDRY CHURCH.

Doctor Lanahan was the faithful pastor of this church, and was anxious to have the people of his congregation converted. A reporter in *Zion's Herald* says: "The protracted meeting soon developed into a most powerful revival; for forty days and nights, up to this time, the most glorious and powerful revival that has ever occurred in Washington. Dr. Lanahan labored hard; but the principle work fell upon Mr. Harrison. He possesses a wonderful power in the management of the vast

crowds that attend these services. He has evidently studied, with some patience and care the master passions of the soul; and when he has the congregation aroused upon the subject of religion, he leads them to a decision by a sudden dramatic surprise. He seems to have carried art, in this particular, to something like perfection. This meeting is still in progress, with undiminished interest. Two hundred have been converted, and a large number are seeking salvation."

Another correspondent writes for *The Methodist*, published in New York:

WASHINGTON.

"The principal feature of church work in this city, at present, is the 'great revival' now going on at the Foundry M. E. Church, Dr. Lanahan, pastor. He is assisted by the Rev. Thomas Harrison. He is doing a wonderful work for God and his church in the conduct of this revival. More than one hundred have been converted, and joined the church, and about three hundred have risen in their places and asked for prayers. Its influence is reaching the churches of other denominations, and some attend the meetings and join their Methodist brethren in the altar work. While it is true this glorious work of God concentrates at the Foundry Church, as the great controlling head, all

the other churches are reaping a harvest from it, as many of the converts are transferred to the churches near where they live, and the preachers assist in the altar work. Brother Harrison will not leave Washington while the work of God progresses with such wonderful power."

The Washington *Post*, the Democratic daily paper of this city, has the following notice of this meeting, in its issue of Friday morning, September 20, 1878: "The great revival at Foundry Church, in its awakening, convicting, and converting power, is spreading over this city. The intense interest and excitement have become wonderful, as at every service persons are converted. Over two hundred and fifty persons have been seeking religion, and as yet there is no abatement in this great revival." And the *National Republican* of this, Friday morning, has the following notice: "The crowd was so great last night at the great revival at Foundry Church that hundreds were turned away, not being able to gain standing-room. While the evangelist was speaking the interest was intense, and when he closed his remarks persons flocked from all parts of the house to the altar, seeking religion. The interest in this revival has become truly wonderful. The young evangelist will remain next week, and conduct revival meetings day and night."

HAMLINE METHODIST CHURCH, WASHINGTON.

Hamline Church, J. W. McKinney pastor for six weeks past. Mr. Harrison, in connection with the pastor, has conducted a revival meeting at this church. He closed on Sunday night, the 18th instant, and left for Lima, Ohio, where he is now engaged in a similar meeting. The meeting at the Hamline Church has been a great success. This young man came among them when they were struggling hard and successfully to meet the heavy debt upon their church. His influence and success in revival work attracted the attention of the people. From the first night the church was filled, until the police interfered to check the crowd. God blessed his labors in the conversion of over two hundred souls. One hundred and three joined the Hamline Church, others joined the churches nearest their residences. The ordinary evening and Sunday collections paid all the expenses of Mr. Harrison's services — paid all the extra expenses of the church service, and left in the treasury of the church one hundred and thirty dollars.

REVIVAL IN YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

It is impossible to follow this evangelist round to all his revivals. He flies round from point to point, as fast as the express train can carry him.

and he keeps his meetings going winter and summer, autumn and spring. I find the following in relation to the great work done in York, Pa. The following appeared in *Zion's Herald:*

"Rev. Thomas Harrison has been in York, Pa., for several weeks, holding a meeting at the First M. E. Church, which has exceeded any revival held there for many years. Up to date nearly five hundred profess to have been converted. The papers of that entire section give daily reports of the meetings, and there is considerable interest and excitement."

On his way from York, Pa., to Washington, D. C., he called at Baltimore, and had a re-union meeting in the Madison Square church, Rev. R. Norris pastor. The admission was by ticket, and the house was crowded.

REVIVAL AT LIMA, OHIO.

Rev. Isaac Newton, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, secured the services of Mr. Harrison after he left Washington, D. C. The local correspondent of a leading journal wrote:

"For five weeks two services a day have been held, and have been attended throughout with unabated interest. Scores of sinners have been converted, backsliders reclaimed, and believers quickened, resolving to lead lives of more entire

consecration to God. As the meetings have progressed every barrier has given way; stubborn will-powers have melted under the wonderful manifestation of the Holy Spirit; strong-minded men have *looked on with amazement*, until the influence became so great that, yielding thereto, they found their way to the altar of prayer.

"The entire community has been stirred. Hearts that beat with sadness now leap for joy; family altars that have been allowed to pass out of sight, have been rebuilt, and the families rejoicing in a Saviour's love. Not in all the history of this northwest part of Ohio has there ever been such wonderful demonstrations of the Holy Spirit, moving upon the hearts of the unsaved, and a general enquiry for an experience that will lead to a better life. Not only has the M. E. Church been benefitted, but nearly, if not all, the evangelical churches have received some good, as nightly may be seen young ladies and gentlemen, from families representing the various churches, around one common mercy-seat, inquiring for salvation, and finding peace in believing."

CHAPTER VI.

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

MANY cannot help asking, "Where is the secret of his power?" "How does he hold the people?" "How does he sustain himself so long in one place, and the people not become weary of his services?"

1. There is a wonderful charm in his singing. He has selected many of the best revival melodies from many song-books, and he has a talented leader to play the organ and lead the singing, and all the people join till there is a divine inspiration in this *spiritual singing*, that not only cheers the saints but mightily stirs the hearts of the sinners. Then these melodies are so adapted to the occasion, and are sung with so much spirit and life, that they make a great part of the meeting. It is safe to say that the singing takes up half the time of the service before sinners are invited to the altar; and so powerful is this singing the people will stand all the evening on the sidewalk to hear it, who cannot enter the church, and some have been

convicted of sin while thus standing in the street. God is surely in this singing: and this is one secret of the power of these meetings.

2. The second secret that I will mention is *his power with God in prayer.* He literally wrestles with God like Jacob, and prevails like Israel. So great is his agony in prayer, that sometimes he is praying on his knees and sometimes upon his feet; but, in either position, his sentiment is, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." And he *is* blessed. The heavens are open to him, and the spirit of God comes upon him, soul and body, so that he cannot stand still. His whole frame seems to quiver with divine power; and when he speaks under this divine impulse his words are like a sword, to pierce the hearts of the sinners; or like a hammer, to break the most flinty heart; or like fire, to melt the very rocks around him. He is highly charged with this divine power, and it is felt in every part of the church. *God is in the midst of the people,* and his enemies fall before him and cry for mercy. This *divine element* in these meetings makes the greatest sceptic tremble, and the greatest scoffer turn pale.

3. His unbounded faith in the gospel to save men is another source of his power. He seems to be full of faith, as well as full of the Holy Ghost. He acts as though he believed God had sent him

to tell men the burning truths of the gospel, in the fullest confidence that they will hear, and believe, and come to Christ. Sinners feel that he preaches in faith, — that he not only believes that they *may* be saved, and that they *must* be saved or lost eternally, but also that they *will* be saved. This mighty faith is inspired of God, and takes fast hold of God, and moves heaven, and earth, and hell.

4. The peculiar manner and style of his address is another source of his power. There is such a constant diversity in his style of pulpit efforts that he keeps his congregation in a state of continual expectancy. From the moment he makes his appearance before the audience to the time he gives the invitation for sinners to come forward, no one can tell — not even himself, it seems to me — what kind of effort he is going to make; whether it will be sing, sing, sing, or several prayers, with exhortations interspersed; whether he will exhort once or twice; whether he will read the scriptures, or simply refer to them; whether he will invite sinners to come forward at the close of his first or second exhortation; whether he will preach, — which he seldom attempts, — or whether he will exhort only; whether he will stand still, and talk, — which it is almost impossible for him to do, — or whether he will run backwards and forwards across the platform; whether he will speak at the top of his voice,

or in a lower tone. In fact, it is impossible to tell what to look for. Therefore, you are kept looking all the time, and kept in a state of wonder as to what will be next to follow.

This has great power over a promiscuous audience, and helps to hold them night after night. Sometimes he will take up the large bible, and hold it in his hand, and impress the people with its sacred truths. Indeed, he resorts to every possible measure to interest, profit, and save the people.

5. Another source of his power is the deep conviction that what he preaches is *God's eternal truth*, — that it will stand forever, and that it commands the respect and confidence of all men; that he is not telling them an idle tale, but he is delivering the burning message of the everlasting God; that men must believe this message or they will expose themselves to God's eternal displeasure. He does not preach as though he was in doubt of what he uttered, and might at some future time change his views, and then he would let them know. No, no; but he proclaims the gospel of the Son of God with the fullest confidence that what he utters is divine, and will stand forever. Being so fully convinced of this himself, he succeeds in making others believe, and thus they are led to fly to Christ as their only Saviour from hell.

6. After all, and above all, the grand and glorious secret of this almost unparalleled success is the secret, invisible, and mysterious power of the Holy Ghost, which brought three thousand souls to Christ on the day of Pentecost. All men have been redeemed by the blood of Christ, and are thus far within the reach of the gospel; but no man will ever be saved but by the power of the Holy Ghost. And it is this spirit that flashes the truth into the sinner's conscience, and produces conviction, and starts the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" It is remarkable that this blessed spirit will produce this conviction sometimes by a look or a gesture, by a word or by a song, without the set form of a logical sermon, or of a set speech. Prof. Finney says that "God endued him with such power that a few words, dropped here and there, to individuals, were the means of bringing them to Jesus. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. I have many times seen men unable to endure the word. The most simple and ordinary statements would cut men off from their seats like a sword, and would take away their bodily strength; and this was not because I was preaching terror, but the sweetest tones of the gospel."

It is evident to men and angels that Brother

Harrison has this wonderful and Pentecostal power in a large degree. A few days ago I was riding with an intelligent man in the city of Baltimore, who said to me:

"When Mr. Harrison was in this city I refused to go and hear him. I said I will never go and hear that man. He is excited, any way, and I will not give my time to hear such a man preach. But I went on a visit where Mr. Harrison was holding meetings, and was persuaded to go and hear him just once. I did so; and before I had heard him but a few minutes my heart began to melt, and I bowed my head on the front of the pew, and he saw me, and almost flew to speak to me. I told him I was ready to go to the altar, and to give my heart to God. He bowed with me at the altar, and said he would not leave me till I was converted. In about fifteen minutes I was soundly converted to God, and have been a happy man ever since."

This reveals the power in question. The Holy Ghost so fully filled the minister that the fire fell with the word upon the heart of the hearer, and he was saved the self-same hour. Oh that all God's ministers would seek for this power! Then tens of thousands would be converted to Christ. I believe it is this same power that enables him to go through the congregation, and speak to one

and another, and they follow him to the altar for prayers. I saw him go from the pulpit to a young man sitting by the door; the few words he spoke to him inclined him to go and kneel at the altar, and give his heart to Jesus.

This is a wonderful power, and should be definitely sought, and distinctly received, as a special gift of God, not only by ministers, but by all the people of God.

7. Let us notice, further, that one secret of his success is the wisdom and tact with which he manages his meetings. Always on the look-out for something that will give him power over the people, and help on the work of God. Ready to have the meeting take any form that may accomplish the greatest results. For instance, when that man from Baltimore went forward for prayers a minister was just ready to read his text and preach. Mr. Harrison said:

"There will be no preaching this morning. We want to see sinners converted."

To the glory of God, let it be said, that sixty came forward for prayers on that very invitation. So you see, he observed, that it was not preaching, but prayer and invitation, that the people wanted, and God honored his faith and wisdom.

Only last Monday night, while he was exhorting he said:

"The newspapers, and some of the people, say that Mr. Harrison is only a 'ram's horn!' Well, they may call me a ram's horn if they will, but thank God the walls go down, and I rejoice."

This was so apt and timely that the whole congregation smiled, and yielded their assent, and one minister said to another on the platform, "There he has them."

I am fully persuaded, from a long experience in revival work, that many ministers destroy their power with the people because they fail to exercise Godly wisdom in managing their meetings. The effect of one of the best sermons I ever heard was spoiled because the learned minister failed to see when the meeting had reached its climax, and stopped to finish his sermon and spoil the service. If he had closed his sermon at the highest point, it seemed as if the whole congregation would have bowed before God; whereas, only a few came forward for prayers.

8. Another secret of his *present* success is the victory he has had in the *past*. God has given him so many victories that the faith of the church and of the people are in such constant exercise that they keep up a constant expectation that if he will only come and labor in their church they will surely have salvation. Then he has conquered Satan and his power so many times that he confi-

dently expects to do it again. Besides, the narration of past triumphs goes far to inspire faith for present victories. So that the people reason, "What God has done in other places under his instrumentality he is able and willing to do again." If he remains in the dust before God, and gives God the glory for the past, he may labor with much faith for success in the present or in the future. And I fully believe that he will.

9. His success, in part, may be attributed to the fact that he keeps his heart and mind in a constant glow of revival fire. Laboring in camp-meetings in the summer, and in the churches the rest of the time, he keeps his heart in the love of Christ, and keeps the love of Christ in his heart all the time. And so he is always ready for duty, and for victory. Some ministers, of far less spirituality, go off on a long vacation, and divert their minds, and cool off their hearts, till by the time they return, they and the people are so far apart, and so formal, that it takes a month or more to get themselves and the people in working order; and some never obtain this great point after their long vacations.

I do not commend Mr. Harrison for not taking a vacation, for I am inclined to think that he may break down unless God specially sustains him or he takes time to rest. But I trust God will hold

him up, and deliver him at every point, and spare his useful life for many, many years, and give him an increasing success in every year.

10. Another source of his power is that he has no set of revival sermons, that are so strereotyped that he can repeat them like a school-boy saying his lesson. He depends very much upon the inspiration of the moment. At Scott M. E. Church, Philadelphia, some time before the public service, I saw him come into the minister's study, and inquire for Foster's book of Illustrations. Finding some striking incident, he commits it to memory, and then goes into the pulpit and begins to speak so as to introduce that anecdote, and winds up with an urgent plea to come to Christ. This helps to keep him fresh, and helps to make him depend upon God, and not on his manuscript. He opens his mind and heart to the Holy Ghost, and he is filled and thrilled with divine energy. There is a power in the very tone of his voice when he is filled with God.

11. He succeeds in holding the people by his *native eloquence.* He does not follow the law of the schools in his elocution, for he is a law unto himself, and follows the promptings of his own heart and the impulses of the moment. He claps his hands, combs his hair with his fingers, kneels down and offers a short prayer, rises up and runs

across the platform, strikes his hand upon the desk or upon the Bible, calls out a minister by name to witness to the truth he is uttering, speaks with a loud voice or in low tones, or in any other way that he desires to; and this very liberty from the rules of bondage gives him a power over the people.

Yet, let it be understood, that all the while that he is acting in this way he is full of the energy of the Holy Ghost, and is imparting a power among the people that is calculated to help them not only to believe what he says, but also to do what he wants, — for after all, this divine power, and this alone, will lead men to fall before God, and seek salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus. Yet those other things serve to hold their attention while he pierces them with the sword of the Spirit, till they cry out, "Men and brethren, what must we do?"

In this way he has won to God not only the young people but many heads of families, and not a few persons of note, who have fallen, like Saul of Tarsus, before the blazing light of eternal truth.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a young minister preach, who stood so still, and spoke in such a quiet and uniform manner, and with such a set tone of voice, that it was hard work for me to keep awake. Yet I was interested, and went on purpose to hear this good young man, who has

just been ordained a pastor of a large church. Such preaching, though it be ever so exact, will fail to deeply impress men, or to awaken their consciences. It seems like sowing good seed by the way-side. Men must be aroused from their slumbers. Look at Whitefield, with his hands uplifted to heaven, beseeching men to turn to God, and speaking with a voice like thunder. God says to ministers now, as of old, "Lift up thy voice like a trumpet," "Cry aloud, and spare not."

We must have life in the pulpit if we would have it in the pews. A dead preacher will have a dead congregation, and ministers have got to learn the truth of the proverb, that "a *live dog* is better than a *dead lion*." We must have more vivacity in the pulpit if we would have more life in the pews, — and this is, indeed, one of the great sources of success with the subject of this book. It is not enough that a man preaches a good sermon, he must utter it in such a manner as to impress and inspire the people. If he stands up and reads an excellent essay, that has taken him a week to write out, in a formal and precise manner, it will be like trying to thaw people by letting them look at an iceberg, or trying to warm them by showing them a painted fire, or trying to keep them awake by singing a lullaby.

12. He succeeds, further, because he knows how

to deal with men. The first time I saw him in a prayer-meeting he invited those to arise who wanted to become Christians. A number arose. Then he said:

"I will never tease people to become Christians. I will warn them of their danger, and invite them to Christ, and then leave the responsibility with them."

Then I found, in Philadelphia, that he boarded two miles from the church, away from the people. When I asked him the reason of this, he said, "I find that I am overrun with callers if I live too near the church; besides, I find that it does not do to be too familiar with the people. If I do I am liable to say something that they will be likely to magnify, and so I lose my influence." This shows great wisdom, that some preachers seem to forget, or have never learned.

13. On the other hand, he is not so dignified that the people cannot approach him. He is as simple and humble as a child, and knows how to speak the wise word, at the right time, to the right person.

14. Another secret of his success is that he does not destroy the influence of one exhortation by changing the subject in the next; for really he has but one subject, and that is *salvation*. This is his theme, and his delight; and he urges this upon

the hearts and consciénces of the people from week to week and from year to year. Still, he is not at all tedious or wearisome. The people listen with rapt attention while he unfolds the great salvation of the gospel, its blessedness, its procuring cause, the danger of delaying it, and its freeness and fulness; and this is really the sum and substance of all evangelical preaching.

Now, if these are the secrets of his success, then how blessed it would be if all ministers would learn them, and then tread in his steps as far as they can, especially in his close walk with God, and in his humble dependence on the Holy Ghost for victory.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP-MEETING LABORS.

It is amazing how this dear brother can endure the incessant labors of revival in the churches in the fall, winter, and spring, and then attend so many camp-meetings in the summer. Surely he is sustained by the prayers of the tens of thousands of his friends, and by the almighty power of God.

In the fall of 1877 I met him at the Emory Grove Camp-meeting, Maryland, where he was so abundant in labors that many feared that he would break down in the midst of the meetings. I entreated for him that he be spared a little, so that he might live to labor in some other places. His labors were abundantly blessed, especially in the young people's meetings, and in taking charge of the altar services at the preacher's stand. He has the power to lead people to decide and to act on this great subject of religion, and many were won to God by his labors here.

The last night of the meeting he had had his

baggage taken to the depot, and expected to leave before the meeting closed; but the preacher of the evening lacked the power, in his sermon, to stir the hearts of the people, and so there was no victory or enthusiasm at the end of the sermon, and the last night was likely to be a defeat. This would not do. Somebody must turn the tide, somebody must enter into this gap, and fill it up, or the enemies of God would rejoice. Every mind turned toward Mr. Harrison, and the general inquiry was, "Where is Mr. Harrison?" "Where is Mr. Harrison?" Soon he was found, and his baggage was brought back from the depot, and he and Rev. G. G. Baker and Dr. J. O. Peck planted themselves in the midst of the congregation, between the sinners and the saints, and began to sing and exhort. At last the ranks of sin were broken, and sinners began to yield and go forward to the altar. The army of the living God took courage, and many found their way to the mercy-seat, and fell into the arms of Jesus, and were saved by the power of God. The meeting continued till three o'clock in the morning. So an apparent defeat was turned into a glorious victory by the stone and sling of this little David, who, in the name of the Lord God of Israel, defied the army of his aliens, and slew the Goliath of unbelief, that had defied the God of Jacob and

bound the hands of the Almighty. Oh for a thousand more of these little Davids, that will trust in God in the hour of trial, and go forth from conquering to conquer!

I will here stop to say, that when I announced in Scott M. E. Church that I would write this book, I told them that we wanted a thousand Mr. Harrisons; and I expect that hundreds of young men and old men will be inspired, by reading this book, to go forth and perform many feats of daring in the face of the hellish foes, and will claim the victory every time by the power of the living God.

CAMP-MEETING IN NEW ENGLAND.

Some years ago, a camp-meeting was dragging along heavily under the reign of a series of long and able sermons. The altar work was almost a failure. The people were becoming weary with waiting for the salvation of God. Mr. Harrison came on the ground sick, on Saturday morning, that he might take a little rest. He was soon invited to hold revival services. His first meeting was on Monday, at one o'clock, at the preacher's stand. But few were present at the beginning; but the power of God was there, and he began to proclaim victory in the name of Jesus. The people found out that the "Boy Preacher" was conducting a meeting, and they began to rally, till about

three thousand were gathered at the stand. The altar was filled with penitents, and the saints of God rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Mr. Harrison shouted "Glory to God! The power is coming! Have faith in God!" Sinners were born into the kingdom of God, and the tide of salvation rose higher and higher, till the time for the afternoon preaching. The preacher for the hour, seeing the excited state of things, refused to preach, and the meeting went on till five o'clock; so that for four hours the meeting lasted, and many were truly converted. Also in the evening the victory came, and the harvest was great.

Surely God takes the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are.

"Glory to God the Father be;
Glory to God the Son;
Glory to God the Holy Ghost;
Glory to God alone."

WASHINGTON GROVE CAMP-MEETING. — Fall of 1878.

Mr. Harrison labored at this camp-meeting with great success. Great numbers were converted. Among them were some whole families, that promise to be of great help to the church of God. Who can tell the results of these camp-meeting labors, when a man full of the Holy Ghost diffuses among the people the power of the gospel?

CHESTER HEIGHTS CAMP–MEETING, PA.

Rev. J. S. Inskip says of this camp-meeting: "I was permitted to attend some of those meetings that he had charge of at six o'clock, P. M. Many souls were saved, among them some marked cases of the wondrous power of the divine grace."

This camp-meeting is near the city of Philadelphia.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP–MEETING.

This is one of the most popular resorts in New England for camp-meetings. A large and commodious pavilion has been erected, of iron, at great expense, over the pulpit and the vast auditorium.

The wealth of many cities is represented here. Very able ministers are called to preach there from time to time. Mr. Harrison went to this meeting as the guest of Doctor Tucker. He needed rest; but soon the camp-meeting committee waited upon him, to request that he take charge of some revival services on the ground. His first meeting was on Saturday night, and great was the power of God that was manifested. Many found their way to the altar for prayer, and also into the arms of the blessed Jesus.

He also held a young peoples' meeting on Sunday. This was a good meeting; but not such a

great meeting as the night before. The Sunday evening meeting was perfectly wonderful. Mr. Harrison proclaimed that he expected one hundred to come to Christ that night. Some ladies in the audience smiled with contempt, it seemed so utterly impossible. But all things are possible with God. The meeting increased to the end, and it was thought that one hundred were seeking after God that night. Hour after hour passed, till it was nearly twelve, P. M., when it closed. At the close, Dr. Morrison said, "I commend this young evangelist to all this region of country, and honor the faith of this man of God."

It was thought a hundred were at the altar, and heaven and earth were made glad. This was ample reward for all the criticisms that were heaped upon Mr. Harrison, because his ways are so peculiar. I am glad that he is content to be himself, and to act as led by the Spirit. This gives him power; without it, he would be weak as other men.

The following is a plain statement of his labors in the West. I will favor the readers with a fuller account, if I can get the Western papers before this book goes to press:

"THOMAS HARRISON AT THE WEST.

"Mr. Harrison's first visit at the West was by invitation of the directors of Loveland camp-ground, near Cincinnati, Ohio, last July. People wondered if it were politic, and guessed at results, as his methods were altogether exceptional and new.

"Mr. Harrison accepted the call, and it may be safely asserted, that in one hour after his first appearance and talk, the people were drawn, as a magnet draws the steel. God blesses and saves the people through this man, and the people press their love and kindness around him. His life away from work, is modest and quiet, and an almost boyish simplicity marks his intercourse with friends; yet he moves like one absorbed — in the world, but not of the world.

"The next work in this direction was at Lakeside, where he met with unprecedented success. Said a devout Christian lady, 'He treads on stars, and he gathers them by thousands.' Mr. Harrison has closed, not long since, a glorious meeting in the heart of Kentucky, and it is believed that this interior land has not been so stirred since the war, as in this charge against the powers of darkness. He has enshrined his memory in the hearts of this people.

"Mr. Harrison's reception at the West amounted to an ovation, and many thousands will rise up and call him blessed in the day when God makes up his jewels."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHARTON STREET CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THIS wonderful work of divine power commenced September 23, 1879, and is thus reported by the pastor:

"Three weeks ago, Rev. Thomas Harrison, the young and eminently successful evangelist, came to Wharton Street charge, to commence a series of praise and revival meetings. Our people, generally, had returned from their summering. Many of them had enjoyed the privileges and advantages of attendance upon camp-meetings at Ocean Grove, Pitman Grove, and other places. They had been greatly quickened in their spiritual life, and were earnestly praying, and eagerly working, for a revival of religion at home. Our congregation was, as usual, large, attentive, and rapidly filling up. The Sunday-school officers and teachers were maturing plans for united and aggressive work, looking for the blessing of God to yield a large harvest of converted souls in this department of the

church. Arrangements had been made by which we expected to have Mr. Harrison with us on the first of January. The outlook was hopeful and promising. Just then a communication was received from Mr. Harrison, stating that providential indications led him to conclude that it was the will of God he should come to Wharton Street at once, and commence his labors, and that we might expect him the following Tuesday night. This staggered the faith of some. They thought it was too early in the season, and that the warm weather would militate against the success of the effort. But no choice was left us, and we covenanted together to co-operate with him to the extent of our ability in seeking to promote the work of God in our midst. Announcements for the initial meeting were accordingly made. When the evening came, we were surprised to find the church filled with a curious and eager congregation, this being Mr. Harrison's first appearance in Philadelphia to conduct a series of meetings.

"With *näîve* simplicity, and consummate skill, in two minutes he put himself *en rapport* with the entire audience, and the very first meeting was one of wonderful interest and power. Every succeeding meeting the interest has deepened, and spread marvellously. While only a little over three weeks have passed, two hundred and seventy have

already professed conversion, and the work seems only to have begun. With Barnum in our neighborhood, and the thermometer ranging about eighty degrees during the past week, there was no appreciable diminution in the attendance and interest. The church is filled to its utmost capacity every night. One very marked feature of this most extraordinary movement is the number of non-church-going persons who have been attracted to the services, many of whom have been converted. And the end is not yet! Mr. Harrison has repeatedly affirmed that his faith compasses the conversion of a thousand souls. Why not? His methods are unique. He does not depend upon preaching. He has preached only one sermon since he has been with us. He says, 'The people know enough, and my mission is to get them to *act* on what they know.' He depends largely upon prayer and faith, — gives brief exhortations, and trains the congregation to hearty, enthusiastic, spiritual singing. The joyous element of worship largely preponderates. Every Christian appears very happy. May this gracious and glorious work continue to deepen and spread until the entire city is stirred and quickened by the spirit of God, and multitudes are saved from their sins!

THEO. STEVENS,

Pastor Wharton Street M. E. Church."

NOTES ON THE REVIVAL AT WHARTON STREET M. E. CHURCH.

"In addition to what was said in my former communication relative to the revival now in progress at Wharton Street charge, I wish to mention some other items. We are now in the sixth week of this work, and over four hundred persons have professed conversion. Those who come to the altar, seeking religion, are not taught to say they are converted until the Divine Spirit attests the genuineness of their penitence and faith, and bears witness with their spirits that they are born of God. Of these four hundred, every one has professed to receive the assurance of the forgiveness of their sins, and the renewal of their hearts, when their names and residences have been taken. That God should have honored Mr. Harrison, as the chief agent in persuading so many to renounce sin and accept Christ as a Saviour, in so short a time, should cause every heart loyal to Jesus, and yearning for the salvation of souls, to rejoice and bid him God-speed in his great work. But murmurs of adverse criticism, from ministers and members, occasionally reach our ears. The work is characterized as excitement, incident upon his peculiar movements, rather than as the work of God.

"We concede that his methods are out of the

ordinary routine. But six weeks would seem to be long enough to have satisfied all idle curiosity, and to have burned out mere animal excitement produced by unusual movements on the part of the evangelist; and yet the crowds continue to come. These very fault-finders have mourned over the fact that unconverted people, especially, cannot be induced to attend upon religious services. *Our* perplexing problem is how to secure space in our large church for the crowds of unconverted persons who *beg* to be admitted even after the church is filled to its utmost capacity. Notably, the large proportion of these people are men. Last Sabbath evening from three hundred to five hundred men stood outside the gate the entire evening, after being assured that there was no possibility of getting inside, held interested by the wonderful singing of the vast congregation, whose waves of melody swept out on their ears, and thrilled their hearts. Another noticeable feature in the vast crowds attendant upon these services is the exceptionable seriousness and good order characterizing the general deportment.

"They are not an ignorant and excitable rabble, nor are they that class of persons whose training has been so lamentably defective that they seem to think a Methodist revival meeting an opportune time and place for levity and conduct unbe-

coming the house of God. On the contrary, they are thoughtful, intelligent, serious persons, deeply interested in the work of personal salvation. Many illustrations of the class of persons being reached might be given. I suggest one, as indicating the type of the work. Early in the meeting, a captain of a vessel trading with Philadelphia, from Maine, — a big, burly, honest tar, — was present at our evening service. The next day he started on his return trip down east; but so powerful was the impression made on his mind, that he says it was difficult for him to tear himself away from the meeting, to attend to his business engagements. As soon as he returned to the city he made his way to the church, came to the altar, a penitent seeker of religion, and was powerfully and happily converted. This illustrates the class of persons who have not been church-goers who are being saved. Many, too, of those who have been regular attendants upon the church service for years, are being led to come publicly and seek to experience the converting grace of God.

"Numbers of persons who attended the wonderful revival in Central M. E. Church, twelve years ago, have said to me that they have seen nothing like that meeting since until they came to the services now being held here. Some evenings, the power of God so manifestly rests upon the

congregation that the very atmosphere seems sur charged with the awful presence of Jehovah. Believers rejoice, sinners are awakened, and penitents are saved — saved in the old Methodist way, the fire of the Holy Ghost going through their hearts, sweeping away the burden of guilt, and making them exultantly happy in the consciousness of the Divine favor. To God be all the glory! The signal blessing of God upon Brother Harrison's labors at Wharton Street evidently indicates that he is in line with the Divine will, and ought to suggest to brethren of other charges, to let him alone until the work here is accomplished. It is mavellous how he stands the continuous strain. The brethren of Wharton Street insist that he shall not hold services here on Saturday, but rest and recuperate. Brethren anxious about the work of God in their own charges, press him into service with them that day, often holding afternoon and evening meetings. Would it not be more religious to permit him to rest that day, and wait until he can be with them for a series of meetings? Others are persistently writing to him to leave Wharton Street, and come to help them. Would they have him give up the hold that God has given him upon the crowds that daily and nightly meet him here, and thus risk the loss of those so deeply interested already, merely because their own hearts yearn

for the salvation of those in their own congregation? Nay, brethren, let him do his work here first, and then secure his services for your charge.

"THEO. STEVENS."

ALL-DAY MEETING AT WHARTON STREET M. E. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

"AT the commencement of our revival meeting, the initial service of which was held on September 23, 1879, secretaries were designated to take the name and residence of each person professing to be converted. When, by actual count, the number had reached *one thousand*, we deemed it appropriate to hold an all-day meeting, as a kind of jubilee, in which to render praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit that, for more than five consecutive months, had nightly crowded this large church, with an orderly, intelligent, and deeply interested congregation, resulting in the professed conversion of this exceptionally large number of persons. Accordingly, the 25th inst. was selected, and the needful arrangements made. Providence favored us with a beautiful day. The exercises commenced with a praise-service at six o'clock, A. M. To our grateful surprise some five hundred persons were present at this early hour, and the good Master favored us with a memorable season of

spiritual worship and unctious testimonies, mainly given by the young converts. Re-assembling for a continuance of the praise-service at half-past nine, A. M., by half-past ten, the hour designated for preaching, the church was packed, as many as could crowd in, standing, filling all the aisles, altar, and even pulpit, after all other sitting and standing room was occupied. At that hour our resident, highly esteemed Bishop, M. Simpson, preached to the converts. Any attempt to characterize the sermon must fail to set forth its beauty, tenderness, pathos, practical instruction, fatherly counsel, and spiritual magnetism. For more than an hour the highly favored congregation hung upon the good Bishop's eloquent lips, instructed, comforted, charmed, enthused, until, in the sublime peroration, spontaneous outbursts of Methodistic shouts came from all parts of the audience. At the conclusion of this service a large proportion of the congregation repaired to the spacious lecture-room, where the thoughtful ladies of the church had prepared a substantial lunch. Over a thousand partook of the needful refreshments. Coming again at half-past one, P. M., in the auditorium, a love-feast was held. It was conducted by Rev. A. Atwood, the oldest of a number of ministers present from this city and vicinity. A hundred and fifty testimonies were given in the space of an

hour and a quarter, conspicuous among which were those of Rev. T. T. Tasker and Samuel Work, both over eighty years old, and who have been members of the M. E. Church more than sixty years.

"Several ministers affirmed that they had never participated in such a mid-week Sabbath in Philadelphia. At three o'clock, P. M., Rev. W. Swindells, a former pastor, and now presiding elder of North Philadelphia District, preached an appropriate, strong, helpful, eminently suggestive sermon. Indeed, both of the preachers of the day were singularly happy in the selection of most fitting themes, and felicitous in their elaboration. The exercises of the day culminated in a marvellous revival service in the evening, conducted by the evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison. So densely packed was all the available space in the entire church that it seemed impossible to have altar-work, and yet, despite the apparently insuperable difficulties, about forty persons pressed their way through the crowd, as seekers of religion, and eighteen professed conversion. To God be all the glory for the wonderful day! Adverse criticism may be the expression of honest difference of judgment, but its animus often indicates, perhaps, unconscious bitterness, arising from prejudice and jealousy. In the use of legitimate means we believe in the methods that win.

"THEODORE STEVENS, Pastor."

Rev. J. S. Inskip refers to this wonderful revival as follows, in *The Christian Standard:*

"Rev. Thomas Harrison, the youthful evangelist who is laboring with such marvellous success at the Wharton Street M. E. Church of this city, is to many a mysterious enigma. The facts in his case are such as cannot be ignored, nor can they be belittled. The results attendant upon his labors, as we view them, can only be explained by a recognition of the Divine element which they involve. There is nothing whatever about the appearance, character, history, or natural qualifications of this youth, which can in any way account for his wonderful success. We call it wonderful, because it is so in a most emphatic sense. Up to this time nearly *five hundred* have been converted, as the fruit of his labors at Wharton Street. The articles published heretofore in our columns, written by the pastor, Rev. T. Stevens, abound in statements which show the wide-spread interest awakened in the public mind by this revival. In his communication, published in our last issue, he informs us that in six weeks over *four hundred* had professed conversion, and the names and residences of all this great company of converts had been taken, and each and every one gave clear evidence of the genuineness of the work. The crowds continue to come, with unabated interest.

About five hundred men, in one instance, stood at the gate, and in the street, unable to gain admission to the church.

"Now it must be remembered that there had been no preparations in the way of training a multitude of singers, and no public notice had been given to the people, to excite any special interest in the young man or his work. True he had been spoken of in the way of severe criticism, and gross misrepresentation as to his teaching and methods. His successes elsewhere had been known, and his services had been most earnestly sought in many of the leading churches of the country.

"The question may well be asked, Why and wherefore does he succeed? Certainly no one will attribute it to his personal appearance, voice, or intellectual force of character. We hope not to be misunderstood as saying, that in 'bodily presence' he is in no sense impressive. Small of stature, and with a somewhat eccentric bearing, there is nothing about his general appearance which in any way solves the problem of his remarkable success. Nor is there any solution of this in his power of utterance. There is nothing defective or disagreeable, it is true, in his manner of address. Nor is there anything unusually impressive. He seldom even attempts to preach. His brief and earnest appeals to the people, however, are very unctu-

ous, and seem to be the out-gush of his innermost soul."

It is impossible to tell the wonderful power of this great and extended series of meetings. The power of God spread on every side, till all that end of the city felt it. God was in the lead throughout the whole movement, and men stood amazed. Ministers wondered, and hardly knew what to say. Some were disposed to find fault; and I know one minister — and a good man he is — who gave way to criticism, and a wrong spirit; but when he found how God was working, he said to another minister:

"I am sorry I ever found fault with Mr. Harrison, for I believe that God is with him."

So the battle raged, and the victories were won, among ministers and people. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." **Amen.**

CHAPTER IX.

WONDERFUL REVIVAL IN DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE, BROOKLYN.

MANY of Mr. Harrison's friends wondered how he would succeed when he went among the Presbyterians, and stood before Dr. Talmage's great congregation; and when he began they listened to hear the report. But *God was with him*, and gave him the hearts of the people the very first night, as he talked to them about faith; and about one hundred rose for prayers that selfsame night. The revival fire kindled on every side, till it became a mighty flame: hundreds began to inquire after God, and to find his pardoning mercy.

I find the following account in the *Christian Herald*, of New York: —

"REV. THOMAS HARRISON, THE BOY PREACHER.

"The inquiry was addressed, recently, to one who had attended a meeting at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, conducted by Mr. Harrison, 'What is this excite

ment going on?' 'What is the secret of that young man's power over the people?' The answer was uttered reverently, and with sincerity. 'This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh. . . . And whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

"It is remarkable that although many attempts have been made to explain the movement which has accompanied Mr. Harrison wherever he has gone, the only sufficient explanation has been of the same character. There is no way of accounting for the results except the one, which, though the most simple, is the one we are most prone, in these days of cold reasoning, to overlook, that the Spirit of God moves with his quickening power on the people. 'It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'

"A THRILLING SCENE.

"It is impossible to conceive of a sight more thrilling, more solemn, than that which might have been witnessed in the Tabernacle any night during the past seven weeks. It affected men who have for many years led Christian lives, equally with men who were strangers to God. The meetings seemed to be a veritable Bethel, and men say,

'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.' From one side of the large area to the other stretches a sea of faces, and each one is marked by the same emotion, that of intense earnestness and enthusiasm, while in not a few cases the eyes are filled with tears, — here tears of heartfelt sorrow, there tears of joy. Parents weeping with gladness that the prayers of their lives are being answered in the conversion of their children; sinners weeping, as they see for the first time how loving and patient a being is the God against whom they have rebelled.

"Following the direction of the concentrated gaze of the congregation, what do we see? Who is it that has been endued with power from on high so to move the thousands of people gathered there? Moving to and fro across the platform, with a quick, nervous step, is a slight, pale young man, in appearance a mere boy; but little over five feet in height, with not a particle of beard or whisker, his short light hair brushed straight up from a high intellectual forehead, and with piercing eyes, of remarkable brightness. Every gesture, every movement, is the expression of a highly nervous temperament, in which the physical seems to be lost in the spiritual and mental.

"The sermon is usually very short, and is for the most part directed to one point. With all the

vigor Mr. Harrison possesses he attacks *the citadel of the will.* He is profoundly impressed with the conviction that the great stumbling-block by which men are kept from Christ is the same as it was in the days of the Master, who exclaimed, '*Ye will not come* unto me, that ye might have life.' Mr. Harrison assumes that his hearers know how they may be saved, and also that they need salvation; therefore he confines his utterances on those points to a few striking illustrations, which set them vividly before the mind.

"Then he applies himself to what he considers the main difficulty, and words of warning, of entreaty, of encouragement, fall in a torrent from his lips. But the signs following — strong men dissolved in tears, children solemnly giving themselves to God, hardened sinners flinging themselves on their knees, entreating mercy — do not seem to be the effects of his appeal, as the word effects is usually understood. These signs are rather the result of an unseen but perceptible influence, *a mighty wave*, which rolls in irresistible power over the assemblage, swaying all hearts, and carrying men into the ocean of God's love. The greatest of all miracles, far surpassing those worked on material and visible objects, — a moral, spiritual miracle, in which the heart of stone is turned into the heart of flesh, — is worked by

Almighty power, and we stand still, in awe, forgetting the instrument employed, and say 'Thou didst it.'

"The revival at Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle, to which we have previously alluded, has been unprecedented in the history of the church. Night after night, for seven weeks, that large edifice has been crowded with eager listeners, and Dr. Talmage believes that not less than a thousand conversions have been the fruit of the movement. Many of these have been of persons belonging to other cities, and some have united with churches in New York, with which they have family connections. Over five hundred have already sought and received admission to the church at the Tabernacle.

"On Sunday, June 6th, four hundred and sixteen members were received on profession of faith, as the first-fruits of the services. Dr. Talmage, on looking over the throng, was overcome by emotion. He said, 'This is a stupendous scene, — a scene, which, if equalled, has never been surpassed, in any church, since the day of Pentecost.' The period during which the daily services were to be held had terminated; but Dr. Talmage said, 'How can we close? This work of grace has been going on for six weeks, and constantly deepening and widening. On Friday evening last *the Tabernacle could not seat all who came.* I put the question to this

congregation, not to church-members alone, but to men of the world as well, whether in this outpouring it is best to stop now? What shall we do? I cannot take the responsibility. I ask all those whose common sense tells them it is better to go on for two or three evenings to arise in their seats. *All the five thousand arose.* Dr. Talmage then announced the continuance of the meetings, and said, 'I wish, as a part of my service, to express my heartfelt, unqualified approval of the way Brother Harrison works; his services eclipse the ways of all other evangelists I have ever seen.'

"A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

"At a subsequent meeting, when the writer was present, a middle-aged gentleman, a prominent business man in the city, rose in the area of the church, and made his way through the crowd toward the platform. Even before he reached the seat where anxious persons were sitting, his emotion overcame him, and, falling on his knees in the aisle, his frame shaking with sobs, and, in a voice broken by tears, he cried for mercy. 'My mother has been praying for me many years,' he said; and before he left the meeting he had the assurance in his soul that her prayers were answered. Many other instances have occurred in which persons who have attended a gospel ministry for many years

without deciding for Christ, have been moved to come to him, and give him their hearts without delay.

"SOMETHING TO LEAN ON.

"An old gentleman rose for prayers one night during Mr. Harrison's service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. He was accompanied by his two daughters, who had been converted during the services, and who had with difficulty persuaded their father to attend *just once.* To the intense joy of his children he listened attentively, and, when those desiring prayer were asked to stand up, he arose. In conversing with him at the after-meeting he said he was *seventy-five years of age,* and had led 'a fair sort of life,' and had 'not been a very bad man;' he was old now, and, as he quaintly expressed it, '*wanted something to lean on.*' By the blessing of God he was brought to see that his boasted righteousness counted for nothing, and he learned that in Jesus he had a support on which he might lean in time and in eternity. His day of indifference was over, and in the eventide of his life he has light.

"When it is remembered that Mr. Harrison is not yet twenty-six years of age, such a record as that we have briefly summarized, will be seen to be of a most remarkable, if not wholly unprece-

dented character. With humility, he owns that the success which has attended his labors is not due to any ability he possesses in himself, nor is it the result of any oratorical power of which he is master. It is simply and solely the work of the Holy Spirit, which God has vouchsafed to bestow in answer to earnest prayer; and on this divine power the young evangelist relies, in a spirit of simple dependence, for a continued blessing in his future efforts."

Notwithstanding the appearance of repetition I know the reader will take great delight in reading the following, which I found in one of the Brooklyn papers:

'A DAY OF REJOICING AT REV. DR. TALMAGE'S TABERNACLE.

'*The practical Result of the Revival conducted by Rev. Mr. Harrison — Four Hundred and Sixteen New Members Received — One Hundred and Twenty Sprinkled — Impressive Remarks by Rev. Dr. Talmage.*

"A great jubilee meeting, following a series of revival meetings held during the past six weeks, took place yesterday morning at the Tabernacle. The audience present was simply immense, and crowded the vast audience-room to repletion. Many persons, unable to obtain seats, remained standing throughout the services. Seated on the

platform with Rev. Dr. Talmage were Revs. Drake, Gilbert, Evans, Hustings, Alfred Taylor, Thomas Harrison, Gray, See, Davidson, and 'Father' Pierson. While the congregation were assembling Mr. Morgan played a voluntary on the great organ.

"The services were opened with an anthem by the boy choir, Mr. Redfield accompanying on the organ. The congregation then sang 'The Long Metre Doxology,' Mr. Peter Ali leading with the cornet. Dr. Talmage recited the Lord's Prayer, and read a portion of the second chapter of Acts. In his invocation the pastor made a beautiful allusion to Pentecostal days, and prayed that he who received the Presidential nomination might be one who loved God, and would bring a blessing to the nation.

"Further on in the services the pastor read a list of four hundred and sixteen persons who had applied for membership, fully three-fourths upon profession of faith. He varied the reading with touching allusions. In the list were the names of members of his own household, and he remarked: 'A work of grace comes very near when it enters one's own family. These are three of my children. Rejoice with me, brethren.' Further on he said, 'There are whole families on the list to-day — father, mother, and children.' Again, 'How these names ought to rejoice those who have been work-

ing here, night and day, for six weeks — yea, for ten years. This is an answer to their prayers, a culmination of their work.' Five sailors were on the list, and touching two of them Dr. Talmage exclaimed, 'A note on the margin says *Sailors*. Oh, I remember them. They came into port just to have their souls saved.' After a name he read the words, 'The prodigal come home,' and said, 'Such he announced himself to a vast assemblage, and I have never witnessed a greater change in a man.' In a subdued voice the speaker read after the name of a lady the marginal note, 'deceased,' saying: 'For since she joined the church militant she joined the church triumphant, and before she died Brother Evans administered to her the sacrament.' Dr. Talmage referred to one convert as being eighty-two years of age.

"Dr. Talmage further said: 'I am in a great perplexity. For six weeks this work has been going on, deepening and widening. I gave notice last Friday evening that that week would end the special series of meetings conducted by Mr. Harrison. But how is this work to close? Here's a question I think I can leave to the congregation — whether, under this tremendous inflow of the Spirit, this great ingathering of souls, we ought to stop now? I thought I would just put it to this congregation whether we had better go on. Mr.

Harrison got all ready to leave to-morrow night. Yet here we are — what are we going to do? I am going to roll this great responsibility on the audience. I want an expression of public sentiment. I am going to ask all those who think the work ought to go on two or three nights longer,— now be deliberate, — all those who think we ought to go on, to rise up. [The vast audience arose.] Oh, yes, it must go on, and Mr. Harrison is ready to stay, though he has other engagements. I wish, as a part of my service, to express my heartfelt, unqualified approval of the way Mr. Harrison works. His services eclipse the ways of all other evangelists I have ever seen. I have a private anticipation that this week will see more of the salvation of God than you have seen in the six weeks.' The long metre doxology was then sung.

"Dr. Talmage preached from the text, Exodus xii., 14: 'This day shall be unto you for a memorial.' 'The word Passover,' he said, 'is a very significant word. It describes when the Angel of Death, by one stroke of his wing, left one dead in every household. But where the door-post was sprinkled with the blood of a lamb the angel passed over. And so to-day we celebrate a great passover. This day shall be a memorial to you. O Lord! let the cloud of thy mercy burst to-day, that our sins may be overwhelmed, and our souls

saved. This day shall be forever and forever a memorial. There are three or four things that make this occasion one of all-absorbing interest. In the first place, this is the rehearsal of a death-scene. When we die we die for ourselves, and amid all kindnesses, and bathings of the head, and of the hands, and of the feet — some one to give us a last kiss. Not so Christ. He died amid enemies. He must suffer, He must die — the kind for the cruel, the good for the evil, the divine for the human! But this is, further, an absorbing occasion because it is a reunion. Oh, how many reunions of families to-day! A little while ago husband and wife were divided by religious views, but to-day they are one; one for life, one for eternity. It does not seem to me like a church to-day — but one great family, one faith, one baptism, one Heaven. Church militant! Church triumphant! Ye ministers of religion, from all denominations of Christian activity, it is a reunion of our souls.

"'I give you welcome to-day. Another thought makes this a very impressive scene, and that is, it arouses so many precious memories. You remember how more tender your father was on sacramental days; how your mother stood by your side, saying not a word, but with eyes filled with tears. Dear old souls, they are gone now. "Blessed are the saints beloved of God."

"'There is another thought, giving great tenderness to this scene, and that is, it is a confessional. There was a time when, if any one had stated that there were imperfections in our character, we would have resented it, and would have asked, "Do you doubt our honor?" But Christians forget to be sensitive. Once more, I remark that this scene is especially tender and impressive because it is anticipative. We are not to stay here much longer. The church here is only anticipative of the heavenly. God is not going to let His children lie in the dust; the grave is no place to stay in. We must rise, we must rise. Behold, He cometh! God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more sighing. To-day we enter upon a scene rarely before witnessed in any church since the day of Pentecost!'

"Mr. Talmage here asked the officers to marshal in the aisles all who had united with the church that day. While the officers were complying, the congregation sang —

'Blest be the tie that binds.'

"Dr. Talmage read the questions constituting the form of admission, and receiving assent from the converts, welcomed them to the church, and, accompanied by Rev. Mr. Harrison and Father Pierson, gave them the right hand of fellowship. The ceremony was rendered especially impressive

by the congregation singing, 'Bringing in the Sheaves,' and 'Ring the Bells of Heaven.' Then, one hundred and twenty of the converts were baptized.

"The services were followed by the administering of the sacrament."

This most glorious revival rolled on, in great power and majesty, till, in one harvest day, two hundred and forty more were added to this prosperous church. The following account of it I found in a secular paper.

"TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY PERSONS RECEIVED INTO COMMUNION YESTERDAY. — REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"At the Brooklyn Tabernacle, yesterday morning, Rev. Dr. Talmage received two huudred and forty new members into the church, making the remarkable total of six hundred and fifty-six for the present month. The event drew together a large congregation, and, notwithstanding the presence of midsummer weather, very few sittings were unoccupied. The platform was beautifully decorated for the occasion with flowers. On the left of the pastor's chair stood a superb cross of lilies, carnations, and smilax. On the left, resting on a stand, was a basket of rare blossoms, and on either end of the platform was a stand of flowers,

with plants in pots arranged about the base. Seated on the platform with Rev. Dr. Talmage were three gentlemen, one of them being Rev. Mr. Harrison, the evangelist. Messrs. Morgan and Redfield presided at the organ, as usual, and Mr. Peter Ali led the singing with the cornet, the boy choir assisting.

"In his announcements, Dr. Talmage read a circular, addressed to the new converts, calling upon them to enter upon careers of Christian usefulness by joining some one of the numerous organizations connected with the Tabernacle. 'This evening,' he said, 'the new members would meet to complete an organization begun on Saturday.' On the same occasion, also, he said, he would baptize by immersion.

"The names of the new converts were read, after a beautiful solo by Mr. Ali. The list was a long one, and the monotony of the reading was occasionally relieved by the pastor with interesting comments. The total membership of the Tabernacle, he said, was two thousand two hundred and eighty-six.

"While the congregation were singing, —

'Blest be the tie, that binds,'

the new converts assembled, in single file, in the aisles. On the conclusion of the singing, Rev. Dr. Talmage and Rev. Mr. Harrison passed along the

lines, and shook each convert by the hand. Dr. Talmage had a word of encouragement and benediction for each person. During the ceremony, the congregation sang verses of Moody and Sankey hymns, under the lead of a gentleman standing near the organ.

"Rev. Dr. Talmage then preached his sermon, taking as his text, 1 Peter ii. 7: 'Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious.' Said he: 'For six or seven years we had very hard times in this country. What was the matter with the storehouse, the manufactory, the harvest? There was nothing the matter with them; it was deeper. There was no faith, and hence no national prosperity. I have to tell you, that what ruins the commercial world, ruins the spiritual world — lack of faith. To you who have faith, to you who believe, He is precious. In the first place, Christ is precious as a saviour from sin. Oh, what a grand thing it is to think that all the bad words we have ever said, all the bad deeds we have ever done, all the bad thoughts we have ever had, are obliterated by the blood of Jesus Christ. There are hundreds who can now for the first time say: "Lord Jesus, Thou art precious — my life, my all." But Jesus is also precious as a friend. The Lord Jesus Christ is, after all, the best home friend. Blessed is that cradle over which He bends; blessed is the nur-

sery through which He walks; blessed is the table at which Jesus breaks the bread; blessed is the grave at which Jesus stands, saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." Christ has never forsaken you.

"'But I remark again, that Christ is precious as a final deliverer. It will not be long before all in this assemblage have gone. The fact is, we cannot escape death. Oh, be of hope! John in the vision saw that the rider on the white horse had the better of the rider on the pale horse. The dampness of the sepulchre is only the spray dashed off from seas of everlasting glory.'

"Speaking of the great ingathering of souls into the Tabernacle within the past few weeks, Dr. Talmage said that they represented different nationalities and denominations; that some came from distant States, and that some were that day in England. Continued he: 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' Let us all gather around the cross to-day, not to inflict wounds upon our Saviour, but to give in our allegiance to him.

"After a hymn had been sung, fifty persons presented themselves for baptism. The services concluded with the administering of the sacrament."

REMARKS.

1. This mighty revival in this large city took place in the months of May and June, 1880. Sometimes the thermometer was up as high as eighty degrees, and the long days made the evenings so short that many thought they could not hold revival meetings at that time of the year.

2. This was the first time Mr. Harrison had held meetings of any magnitude in churches of other denominations.

3. His methods of working are peculiarly his own, and were new to those vast congregations.

4. Yet so great was the power of God among the people that nothing could thwart the grandeur of this mighty religious awakening. The power of the Holy Ghost was among the people; and the aged and the young, the rich and the poor, were led to exchange misery for happiness, sin for holiness; yea, hell for heaven. Hundreds of families were greatly benefited by this revival, and thousands of persons were inspired by the wonderful power that was manifested in all these services. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

5. This gracious triumph of gospel grace is the strongest argument against the scoffs and sneers of infidels of the Ingersoll stripe. Mockers of God

and of Christianity are struck dumb in the presence of such sudden and wonderful transformations of person and character, — a power that will take a wicked man, with all the bent of his being going hellward, with all his passions and proclivities set against the laws of his God, with his evil habits binding him down as with hooks of steel, his past life a record of transgression. When such a man is smitten down by the power of the Holy Ghost, and all his sins brought up before him, and he feels that he is sinking into hell, — when such a man is suddenly transformed into the image of God, and all his past sins pardoned, and he is adopted into the family of the Lord Almighty, having the Spirit itself bearing witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, with all his evil habits broken off, and all his tendencies turned God-ward, and he walks the earth while his treasure and his heart are in heaven, and he can sing:

"Yonder 's my house, and portion fair:
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me the elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come,"

then hell may turn pale, and heaven may have a jubilee, the slaves of Satan may well tremble, and the saints of God rejoice. And when these

transformations are multiplied by the hundred, in one church, in a few short weeks, then, indeed, is the gospel demonstrated to be "the power of God and the wisdom of God."

Stand back, you God defiers! be in awe before his majesty! Take words and return to your offended Father, and let your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth before you utter a word against God, or against any of his servants.

We want these miracles of spiritual healing multiplied by the thousand, and by the million, all over this redeemed world; and this will do more to silence the sceptic than all the eloquent sermons that are preached to show the folly of scepticism. Everybody knows it is folly. God has declared the man a fool who says there is no God, and who is so absorbed in this world as to forget his relation to the next. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God;" and God has said to many of them, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

CHAPTER X.

REVIVAL IN SCOTT M. E. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE following account is by the pastor, in *Zion's Herald:*

"Rev. Thomas Harrison, the young Evangelist, commenced a series of revival services in Scott M. E. Church, on Thursday evening, October 7. These services have been attended by crowds of people, and on Sabbath evenings the church has been literally packed. Crowds have gone away, unable to find even standing room, while the pavements have been occupied by numbers, who remained during the whole service, attracted and held by the strains of Christian song. The evangelist could scarcely have selected a time seemingly more unfavorable. Political excitement in this district runs high. An immense wigwam has been erected by the Republicans within a square and a half of the church. Political meetings and torchlight processions have been the order of the day, or rather of the night. The tramp of clubs,

and the music of brass bands, accompanied by fife and drum, have been our most constant surroundings. Not unfrequently, during the meetings, we have been compelled to drown the tumult of passing processions and noise of brass bands with the songs of Zion, and the people have been able to do it. Just let a throng of Christian workers, thoroughly in earnest, start on such a line, and the singing will be simply wonderful.

"Amidst these unfavorable surroundings, the work of God is going on. Our altars have been filled with penitents. Some eighty have been converted, and still the work goes on.

"Brother Harrison is not only abundant in labors, but his influence and power over masses of people is really amazing. People sometimes say he can't preach, or even exhort; but could they have heard him these three Sabbath evenings, and several times through the week-night services, they would have been compelled to say that they had 'missed their reckoning.' Numbers who stood by him through the great 'awakening' at Wharton Street say, that in this line he has exceeded anything they ever heard from him there.

"Let people estimate him as they will, there is a remarkable power attending his ministrations that cannot be gainsayed. God is with him. His hold upon the young people is marvellous. 'Tis an

interesting picture to see him at the close of services the centre of a throng of young folks. Though beyond the days of boyhood, yet he seems as much a boy as any composing the throng. But his power is not confined to the young; even aged men and women yield to his persuasions, and tremble under his warnings, and escape to Christ as a refuge. It is simply impossible for me to draw a pen-picture of the stirring scenes of this meeting. The afternoon service, which he held at the wigwam, was attended by more than three thousand people. Men are coming to the services who are known not to have been inside of a church for years.

"While I could have wished the meeting when the political excitement has died away, yet it may be the very best thing after all. Doubtless many have been held who during these weeks may have forgotten their vows, and it is blessed to know that so many have been plucked from the 'burning.' Rev. E. Davies, Evangelist, preached on last Sabbath morning, with power and unction, on the 'Gift of the Holy Ghost,' following with a prayer service, which was a grand preparation for Brother Harrison's labors at night. God be praised, we are having good times. WILLIAM M. RIDGWAY."

It was my exalted privilege to attend the above meetings, and preach there about this time. And

it was while attending these meetings that I became convinced that the time had come when somebody ought to gather up, and put upon *permanent* record, the life and labors of this worthy young man. I confess that I was deeply convicted on this point, That such mighty and extensive revivals, that had so suddenly followed each other,— numbering some fifteen thousand souls in four short years, by a youth who had no reputation, and was unknown to the world till the fall of 1876, — that such wonders of grace ought to be put upon record, and proclaimed to the world.

I was so impressed with this, that I said to him one day, in his room, in the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, "You ought to keep a record of your labors, and preserve the facts of the revivals, and the incidents that are constantly occurring."

"I have no time to do it," he said. "Why don't you do it, you are so much used to writing."

This was all that was said at that time, and I had no thought, then, of writing this volume. But after attending these meetings for a few days I became so deeply interested in this devoted man, and his mighty work for God, that I could not lay it aside. It followed me to my home. I sat down and began to write about *Evangelists in the Churches*, and then upon *the secrets of this man's success*, and then to cull articles out of the papers and periodicals concerning him, till I found myself

preparing a manuscript for the press before I hardly knew it. When Mr. Harrison found that God had laid it upon my heart to write this book, and that I had already begun, he suggested that I had better go to Baltimore, and inquire of the pastors, and search the papers. I did so, and found it necessary to go to Washington, and other cities, at Mr. Harrison's suggestion.

As I have travelled from city to city to learn about this dear brother, and of the results of his labors, I have found a great desire in many hearts to see this book in print. Those who have seen him, want to know more of his labors in other places. Those who have not seen or heard him, want to read the full account of God's wonderful work. So I have met with great encouragement and help from the pastors and from the people.

The revival at Scott M. E. Church went on, with increasing power, all through and after the political campaign; converts multiplied from time to time, until about three hundred found peace with God.

I was there the last two days of those meetings. They were, indeed, days of mighty power. Many of the ministers and people of this city of brotherly love were present to hear the following sermons by that prince of preachers, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. There are so many excellent things in these sermons, that I give them as quoted in the daily papers.

SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE AT THE SCOTT CHURCH.

The Statutes of the Lord are Right — The Bible in the Counting-house — At the Death-bed — In the Family and School — Evidences of its Authenticity.

From the text, "The statutes of the Lord are right," Psalm xix. 8, Dr. T. De Witt Talmage preached yesterday at the Scott Methodist Episcopal Church, where Mr. Harrison, the evangelist, has for some time been conducting a revival, a powerful sermon on the excellence of Scripture.

He pointed out how the philosophy of all uninspired writings that commanded the respect of mankind might be traced ultimately to Bible principles. Carlyle was but a fine distortion of Ezekiel. The Bible was terse, yet various; it presented endless variety, but no contradictions. Written by one man, it would have been a monotone. As it was, its harmony was perfect, the four parts that constituted musical harmony being found in Revelation. This was because the Bible was intended to be read by people of all nations and ages. There was something in it for every one. God knew that children would want to read the Bible, and, therefore, we have the description of the Divine Infant sleeping in the manger, and of the obedience of Christ in youth to his parents. God knew that the aged would want to read the Bible, and, therefore,

we have the profound wisdom of the Proverbs. For the historian and the jurist, Moses was permitted to write the Pentateuch. For the poet, Isaiah was inspired to describe the heavens unfolding as curtains to reveal the glory of the Lord; and Ezekiel, to show the five oceans upheld by the finger of God, as the leaf upholds the rain-drop; and David to picture the ranks and tiers of life rising one above the other till the highest is filled by angels, to call upon them to praise God, and to be answered by them in magnificent acclaim, "Praise ye the Lord." God knew that lovers of the wild and strange would read the Bible, and, therefore, he inspired the mysterious visions of Ezekiel, the mighty wheels, the living creatures strangely organized, the moving and ineffable glory, the throne between the cherubim, and the likeness of one that sat thereon. To the Arab on his dromedary the book was precious, and to the Swiss girl in her Alpine solitudes; and, seeing that it was perfectly adapted to be read everywhere, always, and by all, we cannot but exclaim, with absolute conviction, "The statutes of the Lord are right."

The Bible is right in doctrine. There are but two doctrines. One is, man a sinner; the other, Christ a Saviour. Man must come down; Christ must go up. In the Bible Christ stands as in an amphitheatre. Behind him are the prophets; be-

fore him, like footlights illuminating his countenance, are the evangelists and the apostles, and all earth and heaven are the applauding spectators. I can give you a sentence in which every word weighs a ton:

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that all that believe in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life."

No wonder that when Christ was born in Bethlehem there was such joy in heaven that it overflowed the battlements, and was beheld by the shepherds in the fields. Oh that glorious story of redemption! I heard, the other day, of a little girl in the West, that used to wave her handkerchief to the engineer of a certain railroad train every time he passed her home. That went on till it became one of the pleasant things of every day to that engineer to watch for the little one, and to reply to her friendly signal. One night the train was belated. When it reached that part of the track which ran by the child's dwelling the darkness had already set in; but the engineer, looking out, saw by the head-light that the little creature, unconscious of her peril, had come close up to the very track, and was waiting there to greet him. Instantly he reversed the engine, and signalled "down brakes;" but, though the train was really stopping, to him it seemed that it only

went faster than before. Then he climbed down to the cowcatcher, and just as the locomotive almost touched the child he caught her up in his arms, and fell back against his engine, holding her to his heart — saved. The train stopped; the brakemen sprang down from their places; the passengers got out, and came crowding forward to ask what was the matter. And there they found those two — the child safe, the engineer in a dead faint. Christ did all that for us. He saw destruction rushing upon us, and he pressed forward and stooped to take us in his mighty arms, and hold us to his loving heart — saved. Christ did more, far more than that, for he died that we might live. Oh the height, the depth, the grandeur of redemption!

Again, the Bible is right in its effects. Everywhere it is appropriate. I have seen it in counting-houses in Philadelphia when I lived here, and I lived here a good while. Seven years I was a resident of your city, and a warm-hearted, comfortable time I had of it. My home was here, and my dead are sleeping here. The name Philadelphia means a great deal to me. It was here that I used to see that Bible in a counting-house, an office in the navy yard. Old Father Grice — he was in public employ — told me that he used to read a chapter in that book every day before he began business. While he was reading his office door was

always kept shut. When he had finished his chapter he used to open the door to begin business.

No place is inappropriate for the Bible. We have many good and beautiful books now, the work of such Christians as Doddridge and Baxter; but of all good books, this is the best. Let the sinner open it; at the Commandments he reads that indictment of ten counts, and he says "Guilty." Then he tries to take refuge in the covenant of works. Paul chases him out of that hiding-place. Salvation is not of works, lest any should boast. Ye are not justified by works; but then, just as he is almost despairing under conviction, he hears from heaven a gracious voice, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Bible thus replies to the anxious soul. It is equally appropriate for the troubled soul. The bereaved mother mourns her babe as dead. The Bible tells her, No; the Heavenly Shepherd has only come and gathered in one of his lambs out of the cold. Christ comes in; Death goes out. Jesus has lifted away from a bleak and weary world the little one tenderly in his arms, saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Bible tells you that affliction is but the preparation

for the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

There is a jeweller. He is at work upon a pebble. He polishes it in fifteen minutes, and throws it aside. But to this gem, with the rainbow hues in its very heart, he gives days of careful labor,—grinding, cutting, crushing, with keen, strong, seemingly cruel instruments. You say to him, "Why did you so soon cast aside the pebble? and why do you give so much time and toil to this gem?" He will answer, "O, the pebble was of no importance; but this gem is to flash in a queen's coronet." And so there are some who are supposed to pass through life with little discipline. They are only pebbles. But others God cuts and crushes and polishes with grinding dispensations; and these are his jewels, that are to flash back the lustres of eternity — gems in Christ's crown.

Yes, the Bible, put it where you will, is always appropriate. For the dying head, oh what a pillow is the Bible! I often think that when I come to die I shall want my pocket Bible, and my family Bible, and all my children's Bibles, for my pillow. I stood once beside the death-bed of a young man whose head and heart were pillowed on the Bible. His mother bent over him, when we thought he was almost gone, and said, "Charlie, do you know me?" There was no answer; and the broken-

hearted mother asked again, keeping down her sobs, "Charlie, do you know me?" Then the glazed eyes were lifted to her face, and the failing voice said gently, "Oh, mother! why do you call me back? I was half-way up the stair." That's it. Dying is an ascent; it is a rising up; it is only going up-stairs. The dying Christian advances to ford the Jordan, and as the water reaches his ankles, he asks, "Lord, is this death?" and Christ says "No." The swelling flood reaches to his knee; and again he asks, "Is this death?" and again Christ says "No." The water rises to his waist; but Christ still answers "No" to his question, "Is this death?" It surges up to his lips, and to his gasping inquiry the same answer is still returned. But when Jordan is passed, and the redeemed spirit is led up to its throne, and the glories of heaven lie spread in infinite and splendid prospect at its very feet, then Christ says, "This, my beloved, this is death."

That was a fine delirium of Christmas Evans, the Welsh evangelist, when he came to die. He imagined himself a king, riding homeward and heavenward in his triumphal chariot. The friends at his side he took for his subjects, and one of them, who sat at the foot of the bed, for his charioteer. As he passed away he made gestures, as waving a salute to multitudes of spectators, and at

last he said triumphantly to his fancied charioteer, "Drive on!"

Yes, the Bible is pleasant to live by, and pleasant to die by. It is good to have it in your counting-house, and transact your business by the word of God. Honesty is the best policy. A dishonest dollar! You may bury deeper in the earth than ever mine was dug or cave explored; you may heap over its grave rocks, boulders, hills; you may pile above them the proudest architectural triumphs of finance in banks and exchanges; and yet the time will come when that dollar will begin to lift, and turn, and heave, till it has thrown off the superincumbent weight, and forced its way upward from the crypts of earth to the resurrection of damnation. Good in the counting-house, in the home, in the sick-room, the Bible is also good in the school. Palsied be the hand that would take it out. Educated human nature without the Bible is an express train rushing down upon an open drawbridge. The Bible is the first of text-books. There must be no educating the head without the heart. Have it in your family. If you have neglected it hitherto, begin to-day. Open it, and read it to your children. There will come a time when you will fully realize that no book you have in your house is to be compared with it. You, young converts, who are beginning the Christian life, don't let the infi-

dels laugh you out of your faith in the Bible. Remember that there is a hundredfold more weight of evidence to support its authenticity than to support that of any other book in any literature.

The speaker then referred to the revival in progress at the Scott Church, and to that which had just taken place at his own, when six hundred and seventy-eight new converts had united with his congregation, and closed by invoking the divine blessing upon all present.

At the close of the service the pastor announced that Mr. Talmage had consented, though hurried, to remain and preach again in the afternoon, at three o'clock. At that hour the church was again crowded to excess, and another large representation of the city pastors occupied the chancel. The sermon was from Ruth xi. 12: "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."

The mightiness of the divine protection, represented by the frequent Scripture symbol of overshadowing, sheltering, and protecting wings, was the subject to which the distinguished pulpit orator asked the attention of his hearers. Beneath these wings there was room for every creature in the universe. Christ himself had used the metaphor when he lamented over Jerusalem and the refusal

of her people to accept the sheltering guardianship of Omnipotent tenderness. How often would God have gathered them as a hen gathered her chickens under her wings, yet they would not. Moses represented Israel as borne out of Egypt upon eagles' wings, and David had described the relation of the chosen people to their God by the metaphor of the eaglet taught by the parent bird to fly.

The destructive power of wings formed the next division of the sermon. The effect of a blow from the wing of a large and powerful bird was familiar. The swan was said to be capable of breaking a man's limb by striking with its wing. The winged sun symbolized an aggressive imperial power; and in the same way the symbol of the divine power was sometimes a symbol of wrath. Those mighty wings struck the cities of the plain, swept the waves of the sea over the flower of Egypt's army, overwhelmed Herculaneum, and wiped out the Napoleonic dynasty. Yet, when spread abroad in mercy, how far-reaching was their shelter, how tender their gentleness! Under their grateful shade the universe reposed. What was softer than a feather? How beautifully emblematic the downy wing of the tenderness of the divine love!

From this thought, by an easy transition, the preacher passed to the danger of delay in seek-

ing reconciliation to God, presenting an appalling death-bed scene, in which he had vainly endeavored to rouse a dying girl to hope, and closing with an appeal to parents to gather under the sheltering wings. and bring their children with them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST NIGHT, BUT ONE, AT THE SCOTT M. E. CHURCH.

THE glory of God had so filled the temple all day, under the glorious sermons preached by Dr. Talmage, that the evening service was a culmination of glory. There was so much power among the people that the praise service was most heavenly, especially while singing

"What will it be to be there?"

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat."

Dr. Cullis, of Philadelphia, was so filled with the Holy Ghost that he rose and spoke of the joys of the heavenly world, in words the most inspiring, while the "Hallelujahs!" were quite frequent in the congregation. The writer rose and sang several verses, beginning with —

"I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on this ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace, like a heavenly dove.

"*Cho.:* The cross now covers my sin,
The past is under the blood;
I am trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

Waves of heavenly glory rolled over us and we exulted with joy unspeakable.

Mr. Harrison came in, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and said, "We have had a glorious time all day, and God's people have been blest. The converts never saw such a day as this. I have the witness that we shall have souls saved to-night. It is almost the last night of the feast. It is glorious to see so many souls saved, but it is sad to see so many out of the kingdom. Lord have mercy upon them, and help them to come in to-night. While singing,

"It is good to be here,"

every soul seemed filled with the spirit. It is impossible to copy the glory and rapture that filled and thrilled the hearts of the people while singing that hymn.

Rev. William M. Ridgway, the pastor, made mention of the kindness of the reporters, and of the press, concerning the meetings. When Mr. Harrison said, "They have been very kind to me. When I was in Buffalo all the reporters came out against me, and said I ought to leave the city in three days; but God came down amongst us, and

saved nearly two hundred souls in spite of everything. God can make use of bad reporters for his own glory. In one place a reporter had a conversation with me, and then went and published a whole tissue of lies. But God smote him, and he was converted, and I am glad of it. Not glad that he told the lies, but that God overruled it for his conversion. Praise the Lord!"

After singing, Mr. Harrison led in a most powerful prayer — *heaven and earth were moved.* This is one of the secrets of his success: he moves God in mighty prayer, and then God helps him to move the people. Then he said:

"The harvest of this meeting is almost past. O sinner! will you be gathered in? The door will soon be shut; will you come in before it is too late? I must not talk long, for I feel that many have made up their minds to come to this altar to-night,— that this call of mercy shall not pass till they are in the kingdom.

"I must do my duty. I am going to draw the line so straight that you can almost hear it snap. I am going to give you another opportunity to make your peace with God. From the days of Nehemiah till now men have been saved in revivals.

"It is God's order to send 'times of refreshing,' and this is to you a time of refreshing; and if you

are not saved in a time like this, it is doubtful if you are saved at all.

"Some men are so worldly that they think they will be ruined if they devote themselves to the service of God. Christ tells us of one man that was so absorbed in worldly things that he took no time to save his soul. When his lands brought him a great increase he would let none of it go for God, or for the poor, but would pull down his barns and build greater. It might have been in the days of John the Baptist, when multitudes were repenting, and being baptized; but he would not attend John's protracted meetings; he would not mingle with those fanatics, that had left their business and were all interested in religion. Not he; he would mind his own business, and attend to his crops, and pull down his barns and build them greater, and after a new style, so that every body might see and admire them; and while he was so full of himself, and thought little of God, God was thinking much of him, and charged one of his mighty angels to make ready his chariot, bridle the horses, and make haste and get his bow bent, and his arrow ready, and go down and summon that 'fool' into his presence. And just as he was telling his wife of the plans and calculations about his barns, and the improved plans after which he would have them made, he heard a strange sound, and said:

"'O wife! I hear an awful sound. What is it?'

"'I fail to hear anything,' said his wife.

"'But I hear it, and it is awful. And then I see a horse and chariot; they are coming nearer to me! Oh, there; they are coming this way! Oh! what shall I do? How shall I escape this day of doom? What will become of all my crops? Oh! what will become of my soul?'

"'Oh, let me live a little longer, and I will go to the revival meetings. I will repent, and be baptized. I will join the church. Oh, spare me! spare me a little longer! Lord pity and save me.'

"No, no; there is no time for delay, the command has gone forth from the throne: 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee.' This night, thou art arrested in the midst of thy folly. *This night*, thou must leave all thy boasted wealth, and appear before God. And the arrow of death entered his heart, and he fell down in the midst of his folly, and has a whole eternity to repent in. Oh, sinner, take warning, your days are numbered. Your end is nigh.

"I was in a meeting at half past two o'clock, one afternoon, and at half past four o'clock I was summoned to see a young lady who was near eternity. She said, 'Will you preach to me about Jesus? I want to hear about Jesus.' She seemed

like a soul struggling to get hold of God for salvation. I began to preach from that text, 'To them that believe, he — Christ — is precious,' and while I was preaching, the spirit fled. I looked down into the face, but it was cold. The eyes were dim, the destiny of another soul was sealed.

"Oh, take warning, and come to Jesus now! How many are present, to-night, that have been converted? Rise up on your feet."

Quite a company arose.

"How many are now in the Kingdom of God, and are saved? Rise up?"

A vast multitude arose.

"How many have a desire to be saved? Rise up."

From fifty to seventy-five arose, and many pressed their way to the altar, from the gallery, and from every part of the house. It was glorious to see them come, weeping and bowing before God, smitten with conviction, and crying for mercy.

One lady bowed at the altar before he invited them forward. She was so distressed that she could not stand upon her feet. It was quite impressive to see a mother kneel at the altar, and then her daughter come and kneel beside her, and say:

"Oh, mother, I am happy! God has saved me, and he will save you. Trust Jesus."

Soon that mother was happily converted. Glory to God!

I went out into the congregation and was beseeching a backslider to come forward, who had risen for prayers. I looked up the aisle, and there came a woman with her heart breaking, and her tears freely flowing. I went with her to the altar, and after a season of prayer I spoke to her, and she testified that God saved her soul while she was coming to the altar. Even before she had travelled from her distant seat to the altar to find Jesus, Jesus came all the way from heaven to meet her, and she was saved and went on her way rejoicing. As I was going about the congregation, I spoke to a young man, who confessed that he was grieving the Holy Spirit. He said to me:

"I attended the revival services at Wharton Street, and sometimes I felt the Spirit striving with me, but I did not yield. I have the same feelings now, but I am not ready to go to-night." I urged him to come to Christ, and he promised to try. Will the readers of this book pray for him?

A cloud of glory rested upon that whole meeting, and many in the gallery rose for prayers, and some pressed their way from the gallery to the altar, and found mercy. One strong man bowed before God among the rest, and he was mightily saved. One lady, while bowing at the altar, said to me:

"I had made up my mind to come to this altar and seek salvation to-night, for I was afraid it would be too late if I postponed it any longer."

Thus the meeting went on, hour after hour, while the angels in heaven were kept busy writing the names of the new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty in the fair pages of the book of life. And thus ended one of the most glorious days of the Son of God, who has power on earth to forgive sins. Many in eternity will say, "God converted my soul in that heavenly place and service."

REMARKS.

1. I consider this one of the grandest religious movements of the age. It serves to show what can be done when only one minister of the gospel is fully baptized with the Holy Ghost, and when the Church of God will stand by that minister, hold up his hands, excuse his peculiarities, and work heartily with him for the salvation of souls.

2. Then I am glad to learn that the converts in Mr. Harrison's meetings hold out, and are just as faithful as the converts in any revivals. I took pains to inquire about this, as to the great revival in Wharton Street Church, Philadelphia. Rev. T. T. Tasker, one of God's noblest men, who has been a member of the church for more than seventy

years, and a local minister for half a century, says just what I have recorded above in relation to the converts in Philadelphia. Dr. Talmage testifies the same as to the converts in his church. This is saying much when we remember that there were one thousand converts at Wharton Street, and nearly seven hundred in Brooklyn.

3. It is not only the good done in these meetings, but also the good done out of them, by the mighty baptisms that come upon the people, and upon the ministers of other churches and other cities. And that is one of the reasons why I wish to publish this book, that the whole world may have the benefit of it; and that multitudes of ministers and Christian workers may read it, and catch the inspiration from it. I confess that no book, except the Bible, has done my soul so much good, as the reading of those books that tell the trials and triumphs of holy men and women, especially in reading the accounts of the marvellous victories of Rev. James Caughey in soul-saving. How he led twenty thousand souls to Jesus in England and Ireland, besides some ten thousand that were fully sanctified to God under his instrumentality.

4. I here confess that while reading, the second time, the wonderful works of God under the labors of Rev. A. B. Earle, as seen in "Bringing in Sheaves," I was so mightily baptized that my soul

was filled and thrilled with the Holy Ghost, I said: "O Lord, is it possible for one man to do so much good, who is wholly given up to it? Then would it not be for thy glory to have another one just like him? If so, here am I, send me." And in a moment the power of God fell upon me, and I was ordained for the work of an Evangelist, and said to my family, "I am an Evangelist from this hour."

Now I write this book that many more may read the wonderful works of God, and get fully baptized with the Holy Ghost.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAST DAY AT SCOTT M. E. CHURCH.

THIS was another *field* day; the last day of Mr. Harrison's labors. The wonderful power of the day before will never be forgotten. The glory still lingered. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather many gathered to listen to a most blessed gospel sermon, by Bishop Campbell, at ten, A. M., from Job xxii. 21: "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee." Can we become acquainted with God? Many deny it, but it is because they have not formed that acquaintance. From a blessed experience of this acquaintance with God for fifty-five years I testify that it is possible.

There has been a telephonic arrangement going on between God and man all the time since the days of Abraham. There is a duty that we owe to God, and we owe it to ourselves. There is something to be done to make this acquaintance with God. You must make your acquaintance agreea-

ble by giving up all that will not please him. When you come to God to form his acquaintance, bring your whole self, and ask him to make of you all that he will.

Nothing can satisfy the soul but this acquaintance with God; neither riches, nor honor, nor power, nor the respect of the world, will supply the place of this acquaintance with God.

You cannot make your acquaintance agreeable with him unless you believe him. "He that cometh to God, must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of all them that diligently seek him."

I cannot stop to record more of that soul-stirring sermon; but I must say, it was *a feast for the soul*, and many shouted aloud for joy. God bless the Bishop.

At two o'clock, P. M., there was a glorious love feast. The singing and testimonies reminded you of the heaven of heavens.

At three o'clock, P. M., Dr. W. R. Cullis preached an excellent sermon, of rare worth, and great power. Duty called me away, so that I cannot report it.

In the evening the house was literally packed with people; gallery, aisles, altar, pulpit, and vestibule were all full, and some were in the vestry. It was also filled with the glory of God.

Mr. Harrison came in during the praise service,

and began to proclaim victory, through the blood of Jesus, to all that would come to Christ. He faithfully warned all to accept the last invitation, and said:

"Many are come here to-night on purpose to give themselves to Christ! Some are waiting for an invitation. Oh, for one hundred souls for Jesus! Oh, that every man and woman in the church would come to Christ to-night! I want to have one jubilee before I die. We came very near it in one place where there were about one hundred converted in one night. I am expecting it to-night. It is coming. We have the warning of it now.

"I cannot stop to preach a sermon to you. In Baltimore we had no sermon for sixteen weeks. One minister got ready to preach a sermon but so many wanted salvation that he had no opportunity. I have had to work hard in this place. In some places I have not had to labor so hard. Sinners would come forward for prayers while we were singing the first hymn. Here we have had the political excitement to contend with; and all the powers of hell. Yet we have had about three hundred souls converted. God has given us the victory. Many churches are dying out because they have lost the glory. They are afraid of a shout.

"One man said to me, 'My sister was converted in your meetings. She lived awhile on earth, and

then went to heaven. When she was dying, she said, "God bless Brother Harrison!"'

"I am glad to see so many young men here to night. In one revival nearly three hundred young men were converted. I close my labors here with one word, that is used so many times in the Bible, it is the word 'Come.' The meeting will be either the salvation or the damnation of some souls, the saver of life unto life, or of death unto death.

"I hear some of you saying, 'I want to come to Christ. I am willing to go to the altar. I will do anything to become a Christian.' Well, I am glad of it. If you do, God *will* save you."

Here he read Paul's parting words to the elders at Ephesus, Acts xx. 18: "Ye know, from the first day that I came unto you, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations. And how I kept back nothing that is profitable unto you, but have showed you, and taught you publicly, and from house to house. You know I have gone after you in every direction." "*The whole drift of my labors has been to lead you to Christ.*

"'And now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit,' unto a New England town, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city that bonds and afflictions

abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

"In my seventeenth year I was called, and thrust out to preach the gospel of the Son of God. 'Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men.'

"I must be careful here. I am treading on dangerous ground. I cannot say that yet. There are some of you that have come in to-night out of curiosity, for the first time, and I am not clear of you till I invite and urge you to come to Christ. Oh, do come to Christ to-night! When I was at a certain camp-meeting, there was a rich man who was so convicted for his sins, by the Holy Ghost, that he could not go home; he stayed at that evening meeting till nearly twelve o'clock. Some one found him leaning against a post, and said to him, 'Why do you stay in the meetings so long?' 'I am deeply concerned for my soul,' he replied. 'I want salvation.'"

Brother Harison went on to say, "If any one of you can say that I have not done my duty to you, I will do it to-night. I will do anything to help you that I am able to do."

On the last night of the meetings, in one place,

a young man was found in the vestry, kneeling down, and crying for mercy. Some one said, "What is the matter with you?" He replied, "I have let all these meetings go by, and I am not saved. I must have salvation before this meeting closes."

Mr. Harrison continued, "Oh, that many of you would do the same to-night! This is my last invitation till I meet you all at the judgment-seat of Christ. Oh, be ready for that great day!

"Now, all that have been saved since I came here rise up."

Quite a crowd arose to their feet.

"Now all that feel that you *are* saved *now*, arise."

A multitude sprang to their feet.

"Now all that want me to remember you in this last prayer arise."

Many responded to this call, and rose up in the gallery, and in all parts of the church. "Now, I will give you four minutes to decide. It is now twenty-five minutes to nine by my watch. I put the matter as plain as I can. All that want to be saved, rise to your feet."

They continued to arise all over the church.

"There are just two minutes more. I would not keep my seat to-night upon any account. One

minute more. Still rise up. Only half a minute, and I must close this invitation."

I should think that one hundred rose for prayers. Some were so distressed for their sins that they fell down at the altar *before* the mourners were invited to kneel. One lady had been waiting all the evening in the vestry, for the privilege of bowing before God at the altar.

While the most spirited hymns were sung, they rushed forward from every part of the church, even from the gallery. And in a few minutes some were powerfully converted. They were born into the kingdom before we had had any opportunity for a season of prayer.

It was glorious to see and feel the power of God manifested in that meeting. The converts were so melted before God, that when they arose they could hardly stand upon their feet.

The doxology was sung again and again, as the converts gave evidence that they were converted. They were not encouraged to arise till the work of grace was completed.

I have been in one hundred and fifty revivals myself, but I never saw any converts stronger than those that found peace with God that night. One of them leaped upon her feet, and praised God with joyful lips and overflowing heart.

One lady had been seeking salvation for nine

months, and was considered a very difficult case. Rev. C. Malmsbury, of New Jersey, spent two hours upon his knees to help this doubting heart into the kingdom. He showed her the way of salvation in its simplicity; and she went home trusting in Jesus.

It was thought that twenty-six were converted that night.

PARTING SCENES.

The altar service continued till about thirty minutes past ten o'clock, when the solemn scene of parting came. Many had been compelled to leave before that time, and many remained upon their knees, determined to find salvation; and several were converted while the hand-shaking was going on. Glory to God for that ever-memorable night!

The pastor and evangelist stood near the altar-rail, while the people passed by and gave Mr. Harrison the parting hand, and the parting word. He spoke to them as he had opportunity, "Good-by! God bless you!"

When this part of the service closed, the pastor said: "Before these meetings began, some one said, that I and Mr. Harrison could not work together; but that was all that they knew about it. We have worked together in beautiful harmony. I have worked with all kinds of men, but I never worked with so much unity of feeling with any

man as with Mr. Harrison. He has always consulted me in everything, and there has not been the least difficulty, in any way."

Turning to Mr. Harrison, he said: "If they will not receive you at Meriden I am instructed by the trustees of this church to say to you, that you may come back to this place and begin meetings again at once."

When the pastor said this, there was a general shout all over the church, showing how greatly the evangelist was beloved. Mr. Ridgway said further: "I take this opportunity to invite you to help me in my next charge, wherever it may be."

Mr. Harrison replied: "The trustees have treated me with great kindness, and so has the pastor. The Lord reward you. Let me pray for you all."

Then he offered one of the most impressive prayers: praying for everybody and everything — for the pastor and the people, for the trustees, for the converts and the inquirers, not forgetting to pray for the policemen who had kept such excellent order.

And as we passed out, a few minutes afterward, I saw the policemen standing inside the church. They had evidently heard the earnest prayer in their behalf, for one of them was under conviction. I said to him, "Do you want to be a Christian?" With a choked voice he said:

"I suppose I shall have to come to it at last."

I know the Spirit of God was striving with him. The other policeman was quite candid, and evidently impressed.

After taking a farewell of the pastor and officers of the church Mr. Harrison took the 1.35, A. M., train, that he might make a visit to his mother, in Boston, and *stay just one day*, and then begin services the next night at Meriden, Conn., in the M. E. Church, Rev. I. J. Lansing, pastor.

I have given a minute account of Mr. Harrison's exhortation, and parting services, that the reader may have a true idea of the man, and his way of working.

REFLECTIONS.

1. He begins all his meetings with the fullest faith in God; confident that God is with him, and that God will help him, and give him the victory.

2. This faith diffuses itself among the members of the church, and even the unconverted begin to believe that God is in the meeting, and that some of their number will be converted, and that possibly they may be of the number. They see that he is expecting them to start for heaven, and they get ready to do so while he is speaking to them. They know that he is in earnest, and has faith for them; and his strong faith has much to do with helping their weak faith.

3. He never talks doubtingly, but shouts "Glory to God!" in the most trying hour. He

"Sees the victory from afar,—
By faith he brings it nigh."

4. He seems to be afraid to interpose a long sermon between him and the unconverted, lest they should have their attention taken up with the sermon and the preacher, and he fail to lead them to an immediate decision for Christ.

5. Out of the fulness of his heart he speaks till he thinks he has made an impression, and that sinners are ready to come to Christ. Then he stops, whether he has spoken five minutes or fifteen; and this very fact, with the great success that he has in winning souls, makes him a wonder to all the great preachers that are acquainted with him. He honors God, and God honors him.

6. He often begins his exhortations by saying, "Now I must not exhort too long, for there are sinners here that want to be saved, and I must give them the opportunity." He is careful not to call the sinners by any hard names, or to make them angry. He keeps them in good humor. Yet he does not fail to tell them of the fearful and eternal consequences of postponing their day of salvation. So, in one way or other, he manages to keep the crowd around him, and to get large numbers of them to seek salvation.

7. This it is that perplexes every minister that I have talked with about him. They say:

"We cannot understand it: that this youth will hold the masses so long, when he preaches so short. Why is it that the people will come to listen to such brief exhortations? and, especially, why is it that so many of them are persuaded to turn to the Lord? It is a mystery to us all."

Yet, I expect some of them are able to understand the mystery when they remember that *God* is in the matter. That this youth is found *in his closet*, WRESTLING WITH GOD *in mighty prayer, and taking the kingdom by storm.* Laughing at impossibilities, and crying, "It shall be done!"

8. When some one asked Rev. James Caughey why he had such wonderful power that so many thousands were converted under his preaching, he replied:

"Knee work — knee work — knee work. That is the secret."

> "My *powerful groans* thou canst not bear,
> Nor quench the violence of prayer —
> My prayer omnipotent."

"*Give me a revival, or I pine away and die,*" is a cry that is much thought of in heaven. God will pity and bless the soul and labors of such a man. He will come down out of his holy place, and slay the dragon, and cut Rahab in pieces, and the slain

of the Lord shall be many. He who thus travails for souls in secret shall see them born into the kingdom, and be able to sing and inquire —

"Who, I ask, in a maze,
Hath begotten me these?
And inquire from what quarter they come:
My full heart replies —
They are born from the skies,
And gives glory to God and the Lamb."

9. Then we must not forget that God is pleased, at times, to raise up *special agents* to use extraordinary means to arouse the churches to shake off their slumbers, and to alarm the guilty consciences of men. Such a man shall see the desire of his heart — the salvation of souls. Hell shall mourn, and heaven shall be glad.

10. In this connection I want to repeat that the *spirited* and *spiritual* singing in these meetings of Mr. Harrison's has much to do with holding and impressing the masses who attend his meetings. They sing and sing the very sentiments that he wants to impress upon them, till it becomes incorporated into their mental and spiritual being. For instance, take the following:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;

"Nothing can for sin atone —
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done —
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

How their false hopes will fly as they sing the whole of that blessed hymn.

Then, how the sinner is encouraged to seek salvation by singing:

"The Saviour is calling you sinner —
Urging you now to draw nigh;
He asks you by faith to receive him —
Jesus will help if you try.

Ref.: Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you —
Help you with grace from on high;
The weakest and poorest the Saviour is calling —
Jesus will help if you try."

Then, when the sinner is converted, how it will cheer his soul to sing:

"Down at the Cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, —
There to my heart was the blood applied.
Glory to his name!"

Then let him sing his experience in the following stanza.

"I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the Cross where he took me in —
Glory to his name!"

And the whole soul is aroused, the deep of the heart is stirred, and the fire of devotion is fanned

to a flame. We have got to learn more of the power of holy song in religious worship, especially in REVIVAL SERVICES. There was a holy enthusiasm in the singing in the Philadelphia and Baltimore meetings that did much to carry on the good work. Some people are afraid of enthusiasm in religion; but I am persuaded that there was much holy enthusiasm on the day of Pentecost, and we want more and more of it in our day. The people need their emotions stirred. They have knowledge enough in their heads, but they want a fire in their hearts. They know their duties, but they want to be inspired to do them.

If God's ministers would remember this, and labor to persuade men to an *action of their wills;* to an *immediate decision* for God, instead of spending so much time in teaching them, then they would have to rejoice over new-born souls. Then they would have their congregations increased, and their churches filled up; and God himself would smile upon them, and say "Well done!"

"Oh, clothe their words with power divine,
And let those words be ever thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal:
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal."

CHAPTER XIII.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS.

A POLICEMAN was appointed to guard the doors of the church during the services at Baltimore, owing to the pressure of the crowds who sought admission. On one occasion a young man came after the church was full, and was refused admission by the policeman. He urged his request with importunity, and said that Mr. Harrison had invited specially, that night, such as he to attend. The policeman had been duped on a previous occasion by a similar plea, and still objected to let the young man in. At length he consented to appeal to Mr. Harrison as to the truth of the statement, and the policeman and the young man entered together. While waiting to speak to the evangelist the power of the Holy Spirit operated on the hearts of both, and that night the policeman and his charge were both rejoicing in the Saviour.

A YOUNG CAPTAIN.

There was living in Baltimore, at the time, a young soldier, who had been a captain in the army.

He was an intelligent man, and something of a wit. He was the leader of a circle of godless young men, whose chief delight consisted in caricaturing religion and religious teachers, and he was deputed to hear "the boy preacher," and report to his associates. He made his way into one of the meetings with this wicked object. Mr. Harrison's first words that night were: "My text is but one word, and I have but a very few words to say about it. My text is '*Eternity*,' and I ask you where you will spend it?" The man heard no more; with the question ringing in his ears he left the building. He found his associates, and said, "that man has asked me a question I cannot answer. He wanted to know where I was going to spend eternity, and I believe I shall spend it in hell. I am going back to talk to him." He returned to the meeting accompanied by his friends, and before Mr. Harrison left Baltimore he had the pleasure of seeing them all publicly profess their faith in Jesus, and their joy in His salvation.

DYING SISTER, AND ONE HUNDRED CONVERSIONS.

The following most striking incidents will be read with the deepest interest.

A pure-minded invalid sister was exceedingly anxious for the salvation of her wicked brothers.

She invited them around her dying bed, and

besought them to come to Christ for salvation. One of them was deeply affected, and in a few days he sent a letter to the ringleader of the company of wicked men that he mingled with, asking for a private interview. The letter was answered in person; and after inquiring as to the great secret for which he sent for him, he was surprised to find that he was sent for because his friend was in earnest for the salvation of his soul, but did not want to go forward for prayers without having his companions go with him. After hearing his simple story, he said to his friend:

"I am glad for you. I hope you will go on with your good purpose. I do not know what I shall do; but we will write letters of invitation, and have a meeting in my parlor."

The letters were sent, and some fifteen wicked men met to decide what they would do in relation to the salvation of their souls. Not a Christian among them. But they had told a Christian man to be ready if they should call for his help. They discussed this great subject till nine o'clock, P. M. There was one noted drunkard among them, who had made his home more like hell than heaven. He arose and said:

"Boys, you all know me, and you know what a wicked man I have been, and how miserable I have made my family. I have decided that it is

time for me to change my course of life. I am going to the Union Square church, and am going forward for prayers, if I have to go alone."

This settled the matter with eight more, and they all, nine, went to the church to seek salvation. The pastor had expected them all the evening, and met them at the door of the church, and made a way for them to go to the altar. They pressed their way through the crowd, and cried mightily to God for mercy, and found salvation.

The next day they sent out letters in every direction, inviting their companions to meet in the vestry of the church, and about fifty responded to the call, — not a Christian among them except the converts. But Dr. France stood ready to go down and help them when they gave the signal.

After the pastor went down to the vestry, Mr. Oran, the miserable drunkard I wrote about, arose, and said, "Gentlemen, you all know me — what an awful sinner I have been. But God has wrought a great change in me. He has forgiven all my sins, and renewed my heart after his likeness; and if you cannot believe me, who have been so wicked, then go and ask my wife."

This was conclusive evidence that he was truly converted, and was fully determined to be faithful to God and man. This man had great talents for business, and could make money easy; and he was

the hope of the pastor for future usefulness. But, alas! in a little while he was paralyzed. Thus all his hopes for this world were blighted; but he had a blooming hope of heaven, and suffered all the will of God with great meekness. Dr. France had a conviction that this man would recover. He pleaded the promise found in the epistle of James, "Is any sick among you, let him send for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him," etc. But after a while he had an impression, while waiting before God in his closet, that this man would die. The conviction was so deep that he went and told the dear brother, "I have felt all along that you would recover; now I am convinced that you will die."

He welcomed the news with holy reconciliation, saying, "I am waiting for God to say either '*Come* up,' or '*Get* up.'" He lingered awhile, and then passed on to the joys of heaven, a brand plucked out of the fire.

The converts of this band multiplied from time to time, till there were about fifty of them saved; then they brought their wives and daughters, till, directly or indirectly, this dying sister was the means of bringing more than one hundred to the altar, and to Christ. Praise God!

Some weeks the converts would be nearly all men; then the next week they would be mostly

women. There was quite a little army of young men converted, besides young ladies and children; so that the whole of that part of the city was mightily moved. The rumsellers were mad, and some of them had to go into other business, and some of the worst men and women were saved; so that "they that turned the world upside down were come thither also."

What a wonderful power this gospel is! How it destroys the power of sin, and makes the slaves of sin to become freemen in Christ Jesus! Sometimes the power of God was so manifest in these meetings that the strongest men and women trembled with fear. One night this power swept across the altar with so much force that you could almost see it. Some ten or twelve were converted in about ten minutes. The presiding elder, Mr. Downs, says "it was fearfully majestic." His wife says she believed that every sinner at the altar would have been converted in a few minutes if the people of God had not been frightened.

Let us hear some of the testimonies of this wicked body of men that I have been writing about, after they had been converted. The first says: "I was attending the meetings, at intervals, for two months. At first I sat in the gallery; then I sat below, on the floor of the church; then I sat nearer and nearer to the altar, till I reached the third seat

from the altar. The invitation was given for those who desired prayers, to rise. I did so; and, after considering the matter over carefully, I concluded to give my heart to God, and change my mode of living."

The second one says: "I was invited by some ladies to visit Union Square church, to see the evangelist Harrison. I went, but was disappointed. The evangelist was not there. I heard Dr. France preach. I had no particular interest in the matter till I received two letters from a friend, which somewhat aroused my feelings, and I concluded not to drive the good spirit away, and consented to hold a meeting in my parlor, for the purpose of fully considering the subject. From this, and out of this, some hundred or more were converted. This meeting was composed of fifteen men of the world, men who had seen all that the world calls pleasure, such as drinking and gambling; and when the object of the meeting was stated, it naturally created no little excitement and surprise among such a body of men. We concluded that it was a duty that we owed to God, aside from our feelings. God had given us all the pleasures to enjoy that were real; and besides these all others were remorse and condemnation. After reaching this conclusion, it was easy to make a resolution to start." This man became a devoted Christian. Out of this

number of men converted, Dr. France says, only one has fallen from grace.

The third witness testified: "I had one thought in my mind nearly all the time — that I would change my mode of living after marriage. Still I found myself drifting farther away from God. My first sight of Mr. Harrison was an unfavorable one. I began to ridicule his actions after leaving the church. I was convicted by a remark made by Mr. Harrison, whom I had criticised. He stood, holding the Bible in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' This started me to thinking. I went home, and taking up my Bible I began to read it. I then retired, and began to think what I was to sacrifice. I could not reach the giving-up point. The next day I asked one of my friends to come with me, that we might be a power for good to ourselves and others; that we might lead some twenty-five souls to Jesus. He said:

"'This is hard that I have this responsibility resting upon me,' and he concluded to test the matter. I then began to write to different individuals. They responded in person, and we met at a friend's house. The result was the conversion of a large number of persons."

The fourth witness testifies: "Before Mr. Harrison came, I felt myself a hardened sinner. When Dr. France was exhorting I was so hardened that

I could laugh at him all the evening. But I made up my mind to change my course of life. Two weeks after, I went to the altar and obtained of Christ the pardon of my sins."

The fifth witness says: "While standing in the aisle of the church, I was approached by Brother Schofield, — then a perfect stranger, — who said: '*Where are you going to spend eternity?* "He that knoweth the Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."' This, with some efforts of another, caused me to ponder, and turn to Christ."

The sixth person testifies: "I had not been in the habit of attending church. Out of curiosity I went to hear Mr. Harrison. He gave me two special invitations, and I decided to become a Christian."

The seventh person says: "For five years after marriage I asked a blessing at my table, though I did not profess religion. Then I thought, This is not consistent with my mode of life, and I gave it up.

"I was convicted of my wrong-doing by my little daughter, who kept asking her papa to pray at the table. This convicted me, and led me to embrace the opportunity afforded me by the revival services to give my heart to God."

The ninth person says: "My wife gave vent to

her feelings one night as we were about to retire, and said 'Glory to God!' This led to my salvation."

Thus the good work went on, in the church and in the homes. Meanwhile the pastor was keeping a faithful record of all the converts, taking their names when they gave evidence of being truly converted, and summing up the number saved every week. One week one hundred and seventy-three were converted; the next week, ninety-nine. Thus it went on.

CASES OF WARNING.

One young man attended most of the meetings at Wharton Street revival but refused to give his heart to God. Somebody spoke to him about becoming a Christian. He said, "If I go to hell I expect to meet Mr. Harrison there."

This showed a bitterness of soul that was far from being commendable. God had his eye upon him. After a time he was taken with small-pox, and died in two days.

It is remarkable that a young lady pursued the same course of opposition to God in the same meeting, and she, too, was taken sick with the same disease, and died in about the same length of time after she was taken.

These are solemn facts, given me by one of the pastors. To my mind they are clear cases of the "*sin unto death.*" See **1 John v. 16.**

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. HARRISON'S FAMILIAR TALKS.

BALTIMORE FRIDAY MEETING.

Rev. Thomas Harrison read a part of the 116th Psalm. "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." He said: "I never knew one but received pardon, and purity also, when they gave up all and trusted God fully. I have witnessed hundreds sanctified by the grace of God, and in every case they had given up all, and received all. Bramwell says, for thirty-four years, from the time he was sanctified, he never had a ripple on his soul. All care, anxiety, and fear were gone, because God reigned in his soul. Some persons are complaining of their leanness all the time. That is not best. It is better to get a clean heart, and be filled with the Spirit. The fault of our leanness is often in ourselves. We do not pray enough. We hurry out into the world, and

become engrossed in its business and its cares. We ought to wait more with God. Sometimes in waiting long before God I get so baptized, and come down and go to work for him, and through grace, God gives me great power with the people. Last night we had glorious times at the watch-meeting. Through the inclement weather many came, and we had a glorious night. No doubt many will be converted, as the results of that meeting. To-day I have been enjoying wave after wave of God's glory. It has been a blessed day to me, as God has come and baptized me with his Spirit. Oh, that the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire may come upon us to-day!"

"Now we will change this meeting. I hope many will come up here, and seek full salvation. When I was sixteen years old I was converted; at the age of eighteen, I sought purity, and the Lord came and dwelt in my soul in all his fulness. He gave me a peace that is still undisturbed, a rest that now remains."

A number of persons arose, and came forward and knelt for heart purity. Two penitents knelt for pardon. Several sweet songs were sung, and several prayers offered. Before closing, Mr. Harrison suggested that we sing, upon our knees, four verses of the hymn:

"Come, O Thou Traveller unknown."

And at the end of each verse, one was sanctified, until four verses were sung. Then four persons arose, and testified to the cleansing power of the blood of Christ.

BALTIMORE FRIDAY MEETING, CONTINUED.

Another densely crowded audience to-day. Every seat in the lecture-room was occupied long before the hour of meeting. People stood upon their feet in the aisles for two hours, during the entire meeting. Four souls were sanctified to-day. To God alone be all the glory!

After the opening hymn was sung, fervent prayer was offered by a German minister present, followed with a second prayer by Mr. Harrison. Another song of praise being sung, Mr. Harrison read from the Scripture lesson, a part of the third chapter of the First Epistle of John: "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," etc. At the conclusion of the lesson, Mr. Harrison remarked: "I have just read in this chapter, where the apostle says, 'Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be;' that is, we don't know how much God has in store for us if we go on in this good way. When I was converted, I was so happy that I thought I had all there was for me. But I soon found out

I needed more. Then when I was sanctified, I thought I had all; but I have found out that there is more and more to follow all the while, blessed be God! So it is with us when we get sanctified, we may go on and enjoy more of the love and fulness of Christ every day. Some Christians, who seem to be low down in their experience, charge us with boasting; let us give them some cheer. David says: 'My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.' My experience this week, has been a moving experience, not all joy, but continually moving toward Christ. I am so glad that God says, 'the Christian shall never be removed from him.' Now, dear friends, let us have brief testimonies during the next twenty minntes."

ANOTHER BALTIMORE FRIDAY MEETING.

"Mr. Harrison was present again to-day, and the church was packed to overflowing. The meeting was an extraordinary one, more glorious than that of last week.

"After singing the first hymn, Brother Supplee led in prayer; another hymn was sung, when Sister Eberhart was called upon to lead in prayer. During this season of prayer God poured out His Spirit in blessings upon the people.

"Mr. Harrison remarked that last Friday's meet-

ing here was one of the most glorious he ever witnessed. He had heard favorable reports of it from all parts of the city. He prayed that the Lord might make this meeting even more glorious than that of last week. He had understood that about eight persons were sanctified that day. Said he, Happiness is good, but it is not the main thought. Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, that is the main thought. Jesus says, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' Some people say 'Yes, we will see Him after death.' But I tell you that you may see Him now. Persons somehow seem to have a blinded vision of God, because of some hidden idol, or of some cherished sin, which they are not willing to give up. There are some persons here to-day who are saying, 'Well, I would like to be sanctified to-day.' Well, you may have it now. Well, we are going down under the blood to-day, another we are going up. It is your own fault if you are not satisfied. How many are crying, O my leanness, O my leanness! when you might be feeding on the finest of the wheat. There are plenty of dwarfs now in the church, who go to church and to class and to the communion. Yet they are ignorant about a religion that saves. Still they hope to get to heaven; but they will be deceived. I am glad we can get rid of sin. Glory to God!

We can do a perfect work. You inquire, 'How can I get a clean heart?' Why, you can get it now, and here. You have tried the world, and it has deceived you; you have tried its pleasures, but they have not satisfied you. The devil says 'to-morrow'; but remember the word of the Lord, 'Ye be able to go up *at once*, and possess the land.

"When I was seeking sanctification, I read Wesley, and Madame Guyon, and Fenelon, and other Protestant and Catholic books on the subject, and then fasted, but still did not find it. When I sought it earnestly in prayer, by faith I obtained it in a few minutes. It was in my eighteenth year when I got it, and got great joy, that almost killed me at times.

"Wesley cried, '*Salvation by faith, and receivable now!*' One person sanctified, is equal to ten conversions. 'Give me,' he continues, 'one hundred sanctified workers, and I will take the world for Christ.'

"Seekers of heart purity were invited forward by Mr. Harrison, when a large number knelt at the chairs and front seats. A melting season of prayer and praise followed. A number professed to receive the blessing of sanctification. Some shouted aloud. A good Quaker sister was among the number kneeling for prayer. A brother from Mount Vernon Place church arose, and testified

that he had been cleansed while kneeling at the mourners' bench. At half past four o'clock the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Reiley. Mr. Harrison, and a large part of the congregation left. There were, however, some half-dozen persons who remained kneeling, and a few friends remained also, singing and talking with those seekers of heart-purity. What was the result? Why, the meeting was protracted for about one hour longer, and every one kneeling was sanctified, including an Episcopalian sister. Two converts from Emory church, who have been converted during Mr. Harrison's meeting, were among the number. One had been converted six weeks, the other only four weeks, and both were happily sanctified to-day. Some among the faithful and zealous Christians of William Street church assisted in carrying on this meeting until the last seeker was saved.

"Mr. Harrison said: 'The question in many hearts here is, How shall I get rid of my sin? how shall I get rid of this inward corruption, — this tendency to unbelief and to doubt? While I enjoy religion, some are saying, There is something in me sorry, — roots of bitterness springing up, which trouble me. I pray God to-day, that every root of bitterness may be removed from your hearts. Determine in your heart by the help of

God, and say, I am going to enter within the veil to-day; I am going into the inner temple, where the high-priest entered only once a year. The blood of Christ can heal the diseased soul, and cleanse the heart and the mind. There need not be a spot left uncleansed. The Apostle speaks of a glorious church, cleansed by the blood of Christ from every spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. That is the kind of cleansing we all may have.

"'I feel we are going to have a glorious time here this afternoon, for at my noonday's devotion to-day, in my closet, I felt wave after wave of God's glory going over my soul. As I pray every day I seem to go under the waves of God's glory. In reading the biographies of Bramwell, Fletcher, Fenelon, and others, I used to say, Oh, I wish I could be like them! I wish I had their faith, and the faith of the apostles. I coveted Fletcher's trust, and thought if I had it, I would be a power to work for souls. Thank God every one of us may possess this power. We need the exercise of a strong faith. I read in the Scriptures, "that whosoever shall say to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be cast into the sea, it shall be done." Thank God, there is no mountain so high that I cannot go over it. There is no obstacle so great across my path but I can have it removed out of the way. I would rather be a giant than a babe. There are

so many babes in the church — so many weak ones that have to be fed on milk — so many not able to endure strong meat. Feeding on the sincere milk of the word is good, but I like the honey of sanctification, the honey of sanctifying grace, better.

"'Some people think God is partial, and say such and such a one must be a favorite. Thank God, I am a favorite of God; I am one through grace. The God of love comes to my soul, and gives me power to believe, and I do believe. Some persons have weak faith, and some have a strong faith. We may all have a strong faith — so strong that no mountain shall be so great that we may not go over, or have it removed. Some Christians are so weak and doubting that you may hear them sing:

"Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love my Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

"'We read of the mighty men of God who did mighty works because they had a strong, unwavering faith in God. Some paper in Boston published that Harrison's great success was owing to some personal magnetism or physical electricity. That was not true. Brother Inskip has it right, to-day, in the *Standard*, when he said it "was the power from on high, the enduement of the Holy Ghost."

"'Wesley said, "Justification held the tendency to

sin in check, but sanctification took it all away." Some persons exercise faith, while others do not. If I needed a hundred dollars, or was sick, and wished to be cured, I would not ask the Lord for the hundred dollars, or to be healed without putting a big *if* in the prayer; but we may ask the Lord for clean hearts without putting any *if* in, for the Scripture says, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." I am going to God to-day, that he may put his hand upon me as he did eight years ago, when he sanctified my soul; and he has never taken his hand off me to this day. Sometimes there has not been that same conscious evidence as at other times; but I have trusted all the while, and to-day I know I am saved.

"'I am going to throw away everything to-day, and let the Lord possess me whole. You know it is important, sometimes, to throw away everything to save life. Let us do that to-day, that God may take us, and work mightily in us. I read in the Acts, to-day, where the Apostle speaks of "purifying their hearts by faith." We need an unlimited and an uncompromising faith. We will pray for the cleansing, and, as Wesley says, "let us receive it in faith, and expect it now."'

"A number were forward for prayers, and several persons were blessed."

This address I found in *The Christian Standard*, Philadelphia.

SEAVILLE CAMP-MEETING, N. J.

This meeting had been going on some time when Mr. Harrison reached the ground. A reporter says:

"Curiosity and expectation were wrought up to a high degree on Friday, looking for the 'Boy Evangelist,' Thomas Harrison. There seemed to be almost a general waiting of effort in expectation of the evangelist's coming. In the evening he arrived. The largest congregation yet of the camp was in attendance. Rev. Peter Provost, of the court house, gave a forcible address upon the subject of 'The Builders,' founded upon Matt. vii. 24–27. Then Mr. Harrison took charge of the meeting.

"He is a boyish looking person, small in stature; large, piercing eyes; and every movement betokens his excessive nervousness. He is twenty-six years of age, but looks much younger. . . With a quick, nervous step, he advanced to the edge of the platform, and running his fingers through his hair, said:

"'Sometimes persons ask me how I can stand the strain that is brought upon me, — how I can stand the constant travel and labor at all the camp-meetings. I answer, Because the people pray for me.' Here he told a story of a minister he met in the West, a stranger to him, who said, 'Mr.

Harrison, I've never met you, but I have been praying for you for the last two years.' 'Then I said,' exclaimed Harrison, 'thank God I can work here when even strangers to me are praying for me. I want to impress upon you the necessity of prayer for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I was over at Martha's Vineyard the other Saturday night. I began to preach on the text, "Have faith in God." They wouldn't let me talk more than eight minutes when there was a tornado. Bishop Foster, who was present, said he had prayed for me as never for any one else. Dr. Tiffany, one of the most prominent men in our church, came into the meeting, and brought an overcoat, as he said he expected to stay there all night. We did stay there until after midnight, and God greatly blessed us. Wonderful power came down. A large number of men were converted.

"'We are going to have a grand time here. A great many are going to be converted. I won't predict how many are going to be converted, but a great many are coming. I declare, it feels more like an ice-house here than like a camp-meeting! I have been in six tornadoes this summer. At one camp-meeting there were five hundred conversions. We commenced by getting down in the valley, and stayed there on our knees over an hour. One Sunday morning there were ninety-four converted.

This idea of coming to a camp-meeting for a picnic! You had better stay at home. Or of coming here to talk and visit with your neighbors! You had better stay at home. May the Lord send the power here. You won't get it by looking at me. I am so tired I can hardly hold my head up. Oh, dear Christian friends, pray for me! God has blessed me more at seven camp-meetings, this summer, than ever before in my life. Now don't commence to criticise and find fault. It don't take half brains to do that. Don't begin to say, "He walks too much," or "He talks too quick." I don't care what you say about me. I have as fine a home in this world as a reasonable man can wish for, and I have as many friends, or more, than any preacher in our church.' Just here he started and walked down into the altar, and in a moment or two returned to the platform, talking earnestly all the while.

"'The churches around this camp could stand an old-fashioned revival. Say amen to that! Let us break the ice here. Let us be terribly in earnest. O Lord, give us the power! Let us not be Episcopalians down here at Seaville. We are going to have a glory-time, — and before many hours, too. We are going to have one of the most glorious times we have had in a long time. The old people are going to get happy, and the young people are

going to get converted. I am laboring under many disadvantages to-night. My voice is cracked so I can hardly talk. Sing one verse of that grand song, "Nearer, my God, to thee."' During the singing Mr. Harrison vehemently ran his fingers through his hair, and walked rapidly back and forth on the platform, keeping time to the singing.

"'The atmosphere here is changing. There is a turning of the tide. We are going to have a tornado. I believe in the power of the Holy Ghost. I think there is an increase of faith here. There is coming on us a power such that we cannot resist it. At my meeting at Loveland there were trustees and leading men out in the congregation crying for mercy. Some trustees and leading men here ought to cry out for mercy. We need a breaking down. During the balance of the camp-meeting converting power and sanctifying grace shall go together.' Here he told a story of holding a meeting where there was such a crowd that orders were given not to admit any one else except young men. One fellow, in order to get in, said he wanted to go to the altar. The officer allowed him to go in, but he did not go to the altar. The next night another young man came with the same request. The officer doubted him, but told the young man he would let him go in, but he, the policeman, would go in up to the altar

to see if he had told the truth. So they both stalked up to the altar, surprising the people, who did not know who was going to be arrested. Before the meeting closed they both knelt at the altar.

"'May God give us the glory.' When I came on this camp-ground, and saw so many young people, I said, "Lord, bring them in." How many are anxious for a revival here? Now, all who want salvation, stand up. There's one! there's another! there's another!' Here he made a vehement, eloquent, touchingly effective prayer; and then, after continuing the meeting for about a half-hour, the services were brought abruptly to a close amid the shouting and singing of the vast congregation."

CHAPTER XV.

REVIVAL AT MERIDEN, CONN.

MERIDEN is quite a flourishing city. It has grown rich by its numerous industries. The Methodist Church is a very large building, of the latest style, with a gallery all round it, and will hold a vast multitude of people. It is one of the best churches in the New York East Conference. It is located in a very commanding position, and is, I think, the best church in the city.

Immediately after leaving the Scott M. E. Church, Philadelphia, having only a single night at his home, in Boston, he went directly to Meriden to assist Rev. I. J. Lansing. This church had long waited for him, and there was a great expectation among the people.

It was a great change for Mr. Harrison to come from the fiery furnace of the meetings in the Scott M. E. Church to the quiet and cool way of worshipping God in New England. But he has become used to these changes, and reckons upon *divine*

help, which is equal to all emergencies, and to all latitudes and temperaments.

The meetings began at Meriden rather quietly; they had not become familiar with the new hymn-book, or acquainted with the new man. And it was natural to think that some would not like some of his peculiar ways. But faith in God was enough to overcome all difficulties, and to cast the mountains into the midst of the seas. Some began to seek after God, and some were converted. This inspired hope for the rest. Courage increased. The church began to fill up with people and fervor; converts began to multiply, conviction deepened, Christians began to feel the burden of soul, having a great anxiety for the salvation of others. They began to work among their friends, and when I called there the next Tuesday evening after the meetings began, I found quite a revival going on, and a constant increase of power and victory. That night quite a company were converted. Sunday was a great day, the pastor preached a powerful and searching sermon in the morning, and paved the way for the work of God by taking up some of the stumbling-blocks.

In the afternoon Mr. Harrison held an experience meeting, which was very profitable. In the evening that large church was filled solid full, galleries and aisles and vestibule. The power of God

was manifest. Mr. Harrison exhorted with much energy, and the altar was filled with mourners, and twenty-three new names were taken of those that had found Christ as their Saviour.

The interest on Monday night was very great. I was delighted to find a young man by my side who was unconverted, but was singing the new hymns. Mr. Harrison exhorted in his usual way, making some stirring remarks upon the hymns that were sung, and gave a few of his triumphant shouts of "Glory to God!" "Glory to God!" which sent a thrill all over the church. The pastor led in a very earnest and comprehensive prayer, and Mr. Harrison followed in a prayer that took hold of the arm of God, and the power was felt, and the victory was claimed.

The exhortation of the evening was founded upon the text, "What more could I have done for my vineyard that I have not done for it." What more could God do for sinners than to give his Son to die, — his Spirit to strive, — his ministers and evangelists to preach and plead. The truth was pressed home upon the hearts and consciences of the people, leaving them without excuse if they still stayed away from Christ. The impression was deep and lasting.

The Holy Ghost was present, and quite a company came to the altar. The young man that sat

by my side during the evening, rose for prayers. I invited him to go with me to the altar. He did so; and trusted his soul in the hands of Jesus. and found peace.

As I bowed in the altar, to pray for sinners, a lady came and kneeled in front of me. I said to her, after a few words of introduction, "Close your eyes, and follow me in prayer." She did so; and while she was telling Jesus that she was sorry for her sins, and asking God to have mercy upon her, and to pardon all her sins for Christ's sake, God spoke peace to her soul. She opened her eyes, and the smile of heaven was upon her countenance, while tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. A lady knelt near by, and in a few minutes she fell upon the floor, and in a little while after she was upon her knees, rejoicing in Jesus her Saviour, and praying in solemn earnest for the salvation of her friends. Eight or ten were gloriously converted, in the old-fashioned way. Some said this was the most powerful meeting of all up to that time. It began to feel like the enthusiastic meetings in Philadelphia, and some of the people shouted for joy. The prospect is that hundreds will be converted.

After talking and praying with Mr. Harrison till twelve o'clock, I went to the depot to wait for the two o'clock, A. M., train for Boston. I found

only one man in the depot, and I began to talk to him about the salvation of his soul. He said:

"I have had a religious training, and I attended the revival meetings at Middletown, Conn.; but nobody ever spoke to me about my soul. I am engaged in the depot every night, but I have been to one of Mr. Harrison's meetings."

"Would you like me to pray for you?"

"I should be happy to have you," he said.

Seeing he was so candid and interested, I said:

"Come into this little room, and I will pray for you."

We went into the telegraph office, and he fell upon his knees, and followed me in a prayer of confession, of repentance, and of faith, and in a few minutes he had a message of pardon and adoption sent to him from the eternal throne, and he was truly a child of God.

We were not longer upon our knees than it takes me to write this story before we arose and rejoiced in the God of his salvation. After telling me of the mighty change wrought in his soul, he took his pen and wrote:

"MERIDEN, December 14, 1880.

"I feel from this time I will serve the Lord, and how glad I am that I met Rev. E. Davies, as he has made me feel much better and happy, and God has forgiven my sins. W. B. THOMAS,

"Western Union Telegraph Co."

This was as glorious a conversion as I ever saw. He was calm and in earnest, and was ready to be saved, and waiting for some one to help him. It was a great blessing to my own soul to think that right there, in that office, at 12.30, A. M., we should send a message for mercy to the throne of grace, and get an answer so quick and so glorious. Hallelujah! This paid me for all the expense of visiting Meriden. I gave him a letter of introduction to Mr. Harrison, and he promised me he would attend the meetings as far as he was able. Hallelujah! Thine the glory. Amen.

The last night I was at Meriden I met a man who had been converted in these meetings. He told me that one night a little girl — his sister's child — came to him and invited him to go to the altar and seek salvation. Her pleadings prevailed, and he went forward, and bowed before God, and gave himself to Christ. So the Scriptures are true which declare, "A little child shall lead them."

These meetings are rolling on with wonderful power. More than two hundred have been converted, and the whole of that large and thriving town is shaken by the power of God.

The following was sent to *Zion's Herald* by the pastor of the Methodist Church, Meriden.

"Rev. Thomas Harrison came among us to conduct a series of revival services, Dec. 3, and has

held services, day and night, for two weeks. The church was all ready to work with him. The visible signs of God's blessing have been many. Up to date one hundred and fifty seekers have been at the altar, forty-eight persons have just united with the church. The meetings are very largely attended, often crowded to overflowing. The interest has steadily increased. The whole city is moved. Billiard-rooms and bar-rooms and theatres are suffering loss of patronage, while the church is aroused and aggressive, full of faith and power, and is looking forward to still greater results.

"I. J. LANSING."

I find the following in the Meriden *Daily Republican*:

"THE GREAT AWAKENING.

"It rarely falls to the lot of man to see within four weeks two hundred and fifty persons so deeply interested in their soul's welfare as to publicly ask forgiveness of God, and prayers from Christians. Many ministers toil earnestly all their lives, sowing and tending the good seed, who do not see so large a harvest. And at the present time the eldest workers are saying of the great revival at the Methodist church: 'This exceeds in extent any similar work that we ever saw. And, as might

be supposed in a visitation of God's Spirit, there are such diversities in the meetings, of method and feeling, that it would seem as if every heart must be touched, and persons of all classes reached. It would be unreasonable for any one to say, "I cannot be convinced and converted in such a meeting as that," when every meeting is so different from every other that it is impossible to tell, from night to night, what the order and spirit of the hour may be. One evening a joyous, triumphant feeling predominates; another is a scene of solemnity and awe. On last Sunday night, when nearly fifty were asking the prayers of the church, there was a spirit of personal work and invitation, and every Christian seemed free to speak to some one about their need of salvation.

In marked contrast, Monday night was a scene of profound conviction, which, towards the close of the meeting, became painfully solemn and earnest; while last night witnessed such tenderness, pathos, and melting power, as one rarely sees in a lifetime. For half an hour, before the more formal services began, Mr. Griswold was teaching the congregation new hymns, on whose fresh, sweet strains the souls of the people rose to God — in prayer and praise, bringing down heavenly blessings. When the preachers came upon the platform, already there was a hush upon the assembly,

and the feeling that God was in the place. Many were saying, "This is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." Before the prayer was ended, scores were in tears, melted by the tender Spirit of God. Mr. Harrison was in full harmony with this spirit. His voice and manner were subdued, and as he read his text, — "As though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God," — the words fell on many hearts that had not been so tender in years. The theme of his exhortation was "Reconciliation;" and as he illustrated the grace of God, and His calling the wanderer home, there were suppressed sobs struggling for utterance in many a heart, while many said within themselves, "This is God's call to me."

The invitation to rise and come home to God was given amid profoundest feeling; and soon twelve penitents bowed at the altar in prayer, followed later by two others. There was an almost audible silence in the room. The hymns of invitations were sung with a subdued sweetness, that made them seem like the pleadings of the Spirit of God. The prayers were alike tender and tearful, and those who passed about the altar, down the aisles, and among the congregation, extending a kind invitation, moved noiselessly and with bowed heads, as in the presence of God. As those who

bore the precious messages of reconciliation spoke one after another, their speech failed them for weeping, and many felt that whoever could resist the entreaties of such an hour would be likely never to be saved, for an opportunity so gracious, so pleading, could not be expected more than once in a lifetime. Few, if any, ever saw the like before; few, if any, ever will again.

It was ten o'clock ere the thought of the lapse of time came to the minds of the people; and when, at length, they dispersed, many tarried, and some declared their purpose to improve the very next opportunity to return to God, while they deeply regretted that they had lost the one just passed. To any who especially enjoy a still meeting, this must have been most impressive; while those who like the most vigorous and active enthusiasm were more than satisfied with the operation of God's Spirit on this ever memorable Tuesday evening.

God is graciously adapting the manifestations of His Spirit to all diversities of mind and temperament. One who yesterday spoke against the methods of revival work had nothing to say when it was answered: "Will you tell us what method would lead you to be converted? If you will, we will adopt it at once." And the calls of this wonderful revival are so various and powerful, that those who are unmoved must be classed with such as Christ

addressed when he said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." The steady forward movement of this most gracious work has not been checked for an hour since it began. Every succeeding meeting has elevated the hopes of the church, — and added to the number of seekers, — who are looking forward to greater things yet to come. Watchnight, that most solemn and impressive service of the year, will be rich in blessing, and its coming is awaited with eager expectation. Many devout souls, in all the congregations of the city, are praying that the past may be but the beginning of the revival.

This revival at Meriden is going on in wonderful power. Up to this date, over three hundred have professed conversion, and the good work is spreading all over the city. Mr. Harrison is determined not to leave this work till God indicates His approval. While this book is going through the press, many precious and immortal souls will be pressing into the kingdom of God at Meriden, born of the Spirit, — born from above, — translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The conversions have averaged fifty a week; over eighty young men have joined the praying band the past four weeks. "It is the Lord's doings, and is marvellous in our eyes."

CHAPTER XVI.

SERMON, LETTER, AND CLOSING THOUGHTS.

THIS sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage while Mr. Harrison was holding meetings in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and is copied from the *Christian Herald.*

THE BROKEN NET; OR, OBJECTIONS TO REVIVALS.

"They inclosed a great multitude of fishes, and their net brake." LUKE v. 6.

Simon and his comrades had experienced the night before what fishermen call "poor luck." Christ steps on board the fishing-smack and tells the sailors to pull away from the beach, and directs them again to sink the net. Sure enough, very soon the net is full of fishes, and the sailors begin to haul in. So large a school of fishes was taken, that the hardy men begin to look red in the face as they pull, and hardly have they begun to rejoice at their success, when snap goes a thread

of the net, and snap goes another thread, so there is danger, not only of losing the fish, but of losing the net.

Without much care as to how much the boat tilts, or how much water is splashed on deck, the fishermen rush about, gathering up the broken meshes of the net. Out yonder there is a ship dancing on the wave, and they hail it: "Ship ahoy! bear down this way!" The ship comes, and both boats, both fishing smacks, are filled with the floundering treasures.

"Ah!" says some one, "how much better it would have been if they had stayed on shore, and fished with a hook and line, and taken one at a time, instead of having this great excitement, and the boat almost upset, and the net broken, and having to call for help, and getting sopping wet with the sea!"

The church is the boat, the Gospel is the net, society is the sea, and a great revival is a whole school brought in at one sweep of the net. I have admiration for that man who goes out with a hook and line to fish. I admire the way he unwinds the reel, and adjusts the bait, and drops the hook in a quiet place on a still afternoon, and here catches one and there one; but I like also a big boat, and a large crew, and a net a mile long, and swift oars, and stout sails, and a stiff breeze, and

a great multitude of souls brought — so great a multitude that you have to get help to draw it ashore, straining the net to the utmost until it breaks here and there, letting a few escape, but bringing the great multitude into eternal safety.

In other words, *I believe in revivals.* The great work of saving men began with three thousand people joining the Church in one day, and it will close with forty or a hundred million people saved in twenty-four hours when nations shall be born in a day. But there are objections to revivals. People are opposed to them because the net might get broken, and if by the pressure of souls it does not get broken, then they take their own penknives and slit the net. "They inclosed a multitude of fishes, and the net brake."

1. It is sometimes opposed to revivals of religion that those who come into the church at such times do not hold out; as long as there is a gale of blessing, they have their sails up; but as soon as strong winds stop blowing, then they drop into a dead calm. But what are the facts in the case? In all our churches, the vast majority of the useful people are those who are brought in under great awakenings, *and they hold out.* Who are the prominent men in the United States in churches, in prayer-meetings, in Sabbath-schools? For the most part they are the products of great awakenings.

I have noticed that those who are brought into the Kingdom of God through revivals have more persistence and more determination in the Christian life than those who came in under a low state of religion. *People born in an ice-house* may live, but they will never get over the cold they caught in the ice-house! A cannon-ball depends upon the impulse with which it starts for how far it shall go, and how swiftly; and the greater the revival force with which a soul is started, the more far-reaching and far-resounding will be the execution.

2. But it is sometimes objected to revivals that there is so much excitement that people mistake hysteria for religion.

We must admit that in every revival of religion there is either a suppressed or a demonstrated excitement. Indeed, if a man can go out of a state of condemnation, into a state of acceptance with God, or see others go, without any agitation of soul, he is in an unhealthy, morbid state, and is as repulsive and absurd as a man who should boast he saw a child snatched out from under a horse's hoofs, and felt no agitation, or saw a man rescued from the fourth story of a house on fire, and felt no acceleration of the pulses.

Salvation from sin and death and hell, into life and peace and heaven, forever, is such a tremendous thing, that if a man tells me he can look

on it without any agitation, I doubt his Christianity. The fact is, that sometimes excitement is the most important possible thing. In case of resuscitation from drowning or freezing, the one idea is to excite animation. Before conversion we are dead. It is the business of the church to revive, arouse, awaken, resuscitate, startle into life. Excitement is bad or good according to what it makes us do. If it make us do that which is bad, it is bad excitement; but if it make us agitated about our eternal welfare, if it make us pray, if it make us attend upon Christian service, if it make us cry unto God for mercy, then it is a good excitement.

It is sometimes said that during revivals of religion great multitudes of children and young people are brought into the church, and they do not know what they are about. It has been my observation that the earlier people come into the Kingdom of God the more useful they are.

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. It is supposed he knew what he was about. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of

age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age "You are too young to be a Christian," or, "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." *That is a mistake as long as eternity.*

If during a revival two persons present themselves as candidates for the church, and the one is ten years of age and the other is forty years of age, I will have more confidence in the profession of religion of the one of ten years of age than the one forty years of age. Why? The one who professes at forty years of age has forty years of impulse in the wrong direction to correct, the child has only ten years in the wrong direction to correct. Four times ten are forty. Four times the religious prospect for the lad that comes into the kingdom of God and into the church at ten years of age than the man of forty.

I am very apt to look upon revivals as connected with certain men who fostered them. People who in this day do not like revivals, nevertheless have not words to express their admiration for the revivalists of the past, for they were

revivailsts — Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, George Whitefield, Fletcher, Griffin, Davies, Osborne, Knapp, Nettleton, and many others whose names come to my mind. The strength of their intellect and the holiness of their lives make me think they would not have had anything to do with that which was ephemeral. Oh, it is easy to talk against revivals!

A man said to Mr. Dawson: "I like your sermons very much, but the after-meetings I despise. When the prayer-meeting begins I always go up into the gallery, and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is, you go on the top of your neighbor's house and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and of course you get only smoke in your eyes. Why don't you come in the door and sit down and warm?"

Oh, I am afraid to say anything against revivals of religion, or against anything that looks like them, because I think it may be a sin against the Holy Ghost; and you know the Bible says that a sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor the world to come. Now, if you are a painter, and I speak against your pictures, do I not speak against you? If you are an architect, and I speak against a building you put up, do I not speak against you? If a revival be

the work of the Holy Ghost, and I speak against that revival, do I not speak against the Holy Ghost? And whoso speaketh against the Holy Ghost, says the Bible, he shall never be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come. I think sometimes people have made a fatal mistake in this direction.

Many of you know the history of Aaron Burr. He was one of the most brilliant men of his day. I suppose this country never produced a stronger intellect. He was capable of doing anything good and great for his country, or for the church of God, had he been rightly disposed; but his name is associated with treason against the United States government, which he tried to overthrow, and with libertinism and public immorality.

You know where Aaron Burr started on the downward road. It was when he was in college, and he became anxious about his soul, and was about to put himself under the influences of a revival, and a minister of religion said: "Don't go there, Aaron; don't go there. *That's a place of wildfire* and great excitement; no religion about that. Don't go there." He tarried away. His serious impressions departed. He started on the downward road. And who is responsible for his ruin for this world, and his everlasting ruin in the world to come? Was it the minister who warned him against that revival?

When I am speaking of excitement in revivals, of course I do not mean temporary derangement of the nerves; I do not mean the absurd things of which we have read as transpiring sometimes in the church of Christ; but I mean an intelligent, intense, all-absorbing agitation of body, mind, and soul in the work of spiritual escape and spiritual rescue.

3. Now I come to the real, genuine cause of objections to revivals,—that is, the coldness of the objector. It is the secret and hidden, but unmistakable, cause in every case,—a low state of religion in the heart. Wide-awake, consecrated, useful Christians are never afraid of revivals. It is the spiritually dead who are afraid of having their sepulchre molested. The chief agents of the devil during a great awakening are always unconverted professors of religion. As soon as Christ's work begins, they begin to gossip against it, and take a pail of water and try to put out this spark of religious influence; and they try to put out another spark. Do they succeed? As well, when Chicago was on fire, might some one have gone out with a garden water-pot, trying to extinguish it.

The difficulty is, that when a revival begins in a church, it begins at so many points, that while you have doused one anxious soul with a pail of cold water there are five hundred other anxious

souls on fire. Oh, how much better it would be to lay hold of the chariot of Christ's gospel, and help pull it on, rather than to fling ourselves in front of the wheels, trying to block their progress. We will not stop the chariot, but we ourselves will be ground to powder.

Did you ever hear that there was *a convention once held among the icebergs* in the Arctic? It seems that the summer was coming on, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter, and there was danger that the whole ice-field would break up and flow away; so the tallest and the coldest and the broadest of all the icebergs, the very king of the Arctics, stood at the head of the convention, and with a gavel of ice smote on a table of ice, calling the convention to order. But the sun kept growing in intensity of heat, and the south wind blew stronger and stronger, and soon all the ice-fields began to grind up, iceberg against iceberg, and to flow away. The first resolution passed by the convention was, "Resolved, That we abolish the sun." But the sun would not be abolished. The heat of the sun grew greater and greater, until after a while the very king of the icebergs began to perspire under the glow, and the smaller ice bergs fell over, and the cry was: "Too much excitement! Order! order!" Then the whole body, the whole field of ice, began to flow out, and a

thousand voices began to ask: "Where are we going to now? Where are we floating to? We will all break to pieces." By this time the icebergs had reached the Gulf Stream, and they were melted into the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean. The warm sun is the eternal Spirit; the icebergs are frigid Christians; the warm Gulf Stream is a great revival. The ocean into which everything melted is the great, wide heart of the pardoning and sympathizing God.

4. But I think, after all, the greatest obstacle to revivals throughout Christendom to-day is an unconverted ministry. We must believe that the vast majority of those who officiate at sacred altars are regenerated; but I suppose there may float into the ministry, of all the denominations of Christians, men whose hearts have never been changed by the grace of God. Of course, they are all antagonistic to revivals.

How did they get into the ministry? Perhaps some of them chose it as a respectable profession; perhaps some chose it as a means of livelihood; perhaps some of them were sincere, but mistaken. As Thomas Chalmers said he had been many years preaching the gospel before his heart had been changed, and as many ministers of the gospel declare they were preaching and had been ordained to sacred orders years and years before their hearts

were regenerated. Gracious God, what a solemn thought for those of us who minister at the altar! With the present ministry in the present temperature of piety, this land will never be enveloped with revivals. While the pews on one side the altar cry for mercy, the pulpits on the other side the altar must cry for mercy. Ministers quarrelling! ministers trying to pull each other down; ministers struggling for ecclesiastical place! ministers lethargic with whole congregations dying on their hands! What a spectacle!

Aroused pulpits will make aroused pews. Pulpits aflame will make pews aflame. Everybody believes in a revival in trade; everybody likes a revival in literature; everybody likes a revival in art; yet a great multitude cannot understand a revival in matters of religion. Depend upon it, where you find a man antagonistic to revivals, whether he be in pulpit or pew, he needs to be regenerated by the grace of God.

I could prove to a demonstration that without revivals this world will never be converted; and that in a hundred or two hundred years, without revivals, Christianity will be practically extinct. It is *a matter of astounding arithmetic.* In each of our modern generations there are at least thirty-two million children. Now add thirty-two million to the world's population, and then have only one or

two hundred thousand converted every year, and how long before the world will be saved? Never —absolutely never!

During our war the President of the United States made proclamation for seventy-five thousand troops. Some of you remember the big stir. But the King of the Universe to-day asks for eight hundred million more troops than are enlisted, and we want it done softly, imperceptibly, gently, no excitement, one by one!

You are a dry-goods merchant on a large scale, and I am a merchant on a small scale, and I come to you and want to buy a thousand yards of cloth. Do you say: "Thank you; I'll sell you a thousand yards of cloth; but I'll sell you twenty yards to-day, and twenty to-morrow, and twenty the next day, and if it takes me six months I'll sell you the whole thousand yards. You will want as long as that to examine the goods, and I'll want as long as that to examine the credit. And besides that, a thousand yards of cloth are too much to sell all at once?" No, you do not say that. You take me into the counting-room, and in ten minutes the whole transaction is consummated. The fact is, we cannot afford to be fools in anything but religion!

That very merchant who on Saturday afternoon sold me the thousand yards of cloth at one stroke,

the next Sabbath in church will stroke his beard and wonder whether it would not be better for a thousand souls to come straggling along for ten years, instead of bolting in at one service.

We talk a good deal about the good times that are coming, and about the world's redemption. How long before they will come? There is a man who says five hundred years. Here is a man who says two hundred years. Here is some one more confident who says in fifty years. What, fifty years? Do you propose to let two generations pass off the stage before the world is converted?

Suppose by some extra prolongation of human life, at the end of the next fifty years, you should walk from Fulton Ferry to South Bushwick, and from Hunter's Point to Gowanus, and from the Battery, New York, to Central Park — in all those walks you would not find one person that you recognize. Why? All dead, or so changed you would not know them. In other words, if you postpone the redemption of this world for fifty years, you admit that the majority of the two whole generations shall go off the stage unblessed and unsaved. I tell you the church of Jesus Christ cannot consent to it. We must pray and toil and have the revival spirit, and we must struggle to have the whole world saved before the men and women now in middle life part.

"Oh!" you say, "it is too vast an enterprise to be conducted in so short a time." Do you know how long it would take to save the whole world if each man would bring another? *It would take ten years.* By a calculation in compound interest, each man bringing another, and that one another, and that one another, in ten years the whole earth would be saved—1890. Before this organ is worn out, it ought to sound the grand march of the whole earth saved. If the world is not saved in the next ten years, it will be the fault of the Church of Christ.

Is it too much to expect each one to bring one? Some of us must bring more than one, for some will not do their duty. I want to bring ten thousand souls. I should be ashamed to meet my God in judgment, if, with all my opportunities of commending Christ to the people, I could not bring ten thousand souls. But it will all depend upon the revival spirit. The hook and line fishing will not do it.

It seems to me as if God is preparing the world for some quick and universal movement. A celebrated electrician gave me a telegraph chart of the world. On that chart the wires crossing the continents and the cables under the sea looked like veins red with blood. On that chart I see that the headquarters of the lightnings are in

Great Britain and the United States. In London and New York the lightnings are stabled, waiting to be harnessed for some quick dispatch. That shows you that *the telegraph is in the possession of Christianity.*

It is *a significant fact* that the man who invented the telegraph was an old-fashioned Christian — Professor Morse; and that the man who put the telegraph under the sea was an old-fashioned Christian — Cyrus W. Field; and that the president of the most famous of the telegraph companies of this country was an old fashioned Christen — William Orton, going from the communion table on earth straight to his home in heaven. What does all that mean?

I do not suppose that the telegraph was invented merely to let us know whether flour is up or down; or which filly won the race at the Derby; or which marksman beat at Dollymount. I suppose the telegraph was invented and built to call the world to God.

In some of the attributes of the Lord we seem to share on a small scale. For instance, in his love and in his kindness. But until of late, foreknowledge, omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, seem to have been exclusively God's possession. God desiring to make the race like himself, gives us a species of foreknowledge in the

weather probabilities, gives us a species of omniscience in telegraphy, gives us a species of omnipresence in the telephone, gives us a species of omnipotence in the steam power. Discoveries and inventions all around about us, people are asking what next?

What next? I will tell you what next. Next, a stupendous religious movement. Next, the end of war. Next, the crash of despotisms. Next, the world's expurgation. Next, the Christ-like dominion. Next, the judgment. What becomes of the world after that I care not. It will have suffered and achieved enough for one world. Lay it up in the dry docks of eternity, like an old man-of-war gone out of service. Or, fit it up like a Constellation to carry bread of relief to some other suffering planet. Or, let it be demolished. *Farewell, dear old world,* that began with Paradise and ended with judgment conflagration.

Last summer I stood on the Isle of Wight, and I had pointed out to me the place where the Eurydice sank with two or three hundred young men who were in training for the British Navy. You remember when that training-ship went down there was a thrill of horror all over the world. Within the past few weeks there is another training-ship missing — the Atalanta — gone down, we fear, with all on board. By order of Her Majesty's

government, vessels are now cruising up and down the Atlantic trying to find that lost training-ship, in which there were so many young men preparing for the British Navy. *Alas for the lost Atalanta!*

Oh, my friends, this world is only a training-ship. On it we are training for heaven. The old ship sails up and down the ocean of immensity, — now through the dark wave of the midnight, now through the golden-crested wave of the morn, — but sails on and sails on. After a while her work will be done, and the inhabitants of heaven will look out and find a world missing. The cry will be: "*Where is that earth* where Christ died and the human race were emancipated? Send out fleets of angels to find the missing craft." Let them sail up and down, cruise up and down the ocean of eternity, and they will catch not one glimpse of her mountain-masts, or her top-gallants of floating cloud. Gone down! The training-ship of a world perished in the last tornado.

Oh! let it not be that she goes down with all on board, but rather may it be said of her passengers as it was said of the drenched passengers of the Alexandrian corn-ship that crashed into the breakers of Melita: "*They all escaped safe to land.*"

This letter is found in *Zion's Herald* of May 24, 1877:

LETTER FROM REV. W. DOWNS.

"It would be impossible, in the brief space allowed me, to give anything like a full or detailed sketch of this most remarkable work of God in our section of the city. So far, over one thousand souls have been converted to God in the churches. Eight hundred of these are the fruits of the meeting at Union Square, where my family worship. About four hundred and fifty have joined the church on probation, — the church where they have been converted, — and seem much in earnest in working out their salvation. As far as ascertained, over two hundred have joined other charges.

"I have been more or less familiar with revivals for more than a quarter of a century; but in pungency of conviction, thoroughness of conversions, and numbers, this is the most wonderful work I have ever seen or known. Baltimore, for more than thirty years, if ever, has not witnessed such a display of God's saving power, extended to all denominations and classes of the community, even to 'the chiefest of sinners.' Persons of the Baptist, and Presbyterian faith, Episcopalians, and even Catholics, have been saved at our altars.

"And such conversions! Ward politicians, gamblers, drunkards, and profane swearers, have also

come to the fountain, and had their sins washed away. Different clubs have been broken up by the conversion of their officers and members, and the club-room furniture sold, and the proceeds appropriated to good uses. Drinking-saloons have come to grief. Three in the immediate neighborhood have been compelled to close up for want of customers. Many who once patronized them now go to church and to class-meetings, and there give the money they formerly paid for intoxicating drink. Men accompany their families to the house of worship, who formerly congregated in the assemblies of the wicked; and lips that were once used to profanity, now sing the songs of Zion, and tell the wonders of Immanuel, while wives and children rejoice that they live to see this day.

"One marked feature of this work is the number of men converted to God — young men, single and married men, and some advanced in life. While the work has not passed by the Sunday-school, and the younger portion of the congregation, it has more especially claimed as its subjects the adult part of the community, many of whom did not attend church, and who seemed beyond all hope of being reached and saved.

"Any one doubting, who may have attended these meetings, can no longer question the utility of altar work. I have seen as many as fifty penitents

a night, kneeling at the altar, and witnessed as many as twenty conversions at a single meeting. And persons have been converted at their homes. Men have been saved in their workshops, while others have had to quit their places of business, to attend to the interest of their souls. 'Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.' The congregations, at night especially, have been immense, almost to suffocation. But still, sinners would press their way through to the place of prayer. Persons have gone before sunset in order to secure seats; and for a long time it was necessary to issue tickets to the penitents, to secure their admission.

"Frequently, before the invitation was given, persons would rush forward to the altar, and begin to plead for mercy. Scarcely ever was there a trifler present; the vast congregations have been as silent as though at the judgment, and the work has been the freest from extravagances that I have ever seen. A great many marked instances of God's saving power might be given, but I forbear. Truly 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvel lous in our eyes!'

"Mr. Harrison is unpretentious, of a nervous temperament, yet remarkably self-possessed, and intensely in earnest. I have never as yet heard

him attempt to preach, or expound God's Word. It is difficult, on philosophical grounds, to understand the secrets of his power. 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.' His youthful appearance and consecration to God, his earnest exhortations, and pleadings, and mighty faith, together with his personal solicitations in the congregation and elsewhere, exercise a potent influence upon the crowds that flock from all parts to hear him. Surely God *must* be with him. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'

"MILFORD DOWNS,

"*Presiding Elder of W. Baltimore District.*

"BALTIMORE, May 15, 1877."

This letter did much to open the way for Mr. Harrison into the churches, and brought him many invitations from all parts of the country.

LETTER FROM DR. S. F. UPHAM.

"At the session of the Providence Conference, held in Norwich, Conn., in April, 1871, a young man, of very youthful appearance, was entertained in the same hospitable home in which I was staying. He was visiting the conference, and getting acquainted with the preachers.

"This was Thomas Harrison. I was then fully

convinced that God had called him to service in his church. His transparency of character and fervent piety were then conspicuous. One morning — Mr. Harrison having led in the family devotion and offered a prayer of great simplicity and power — an aged minister who was present said: 'That boy has a future, and the church will hear from him yet.' 'That boy' has been heard from, and thousands now in the church will forever bless God for his evangelistic labors.

"Mr. Harrison has been specially called to his work. He is simply an evangelist. He has not the gift of eloquence, nor the culture of the schools, but he has — what so many evangelists lack — genuine common sense, and a sanctified zeal. His methods are somewhat novel, and certainly original. They do not always, at first, impress the people as wise, but when sinners, weeping and willing, flock to the altar, all thoughts about methods are forgotten. *God is with him,* — and the records of 'the Great Day' will alone reveal the wonderful results of his labors.

"It was a happy thought of Rev. E. Davies to gather up and put in this permanent form some of the wonderful facts in the life and labors of this honored servant of God. The world ought to know that the preaching of the simple, old-fashioned gospel is still effectual. Infidelity has no

argument in which to meet the fact of a transformed life. Greater than any physical miracles are such works of grace — 'the greater works' which Jesus promised should be done by his church, because of his exaltation.

"S. F. UPHAM.

"BOSTON, January 1, 1881."

Dr. Upham is well known in the church as one of our ablest ministers and pastors, and he is just elected Professor of Practical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary, New Jersey, for which he is pre-eminently qualified.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN INDIANAPOLIS.

FROM the glorious revival in Meriden, Conn., where eight hundred and fifty were hopefully converted, Mr. Harrison went to Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis, and commenced his services March 28th, 1881. The first night he prophesied that God would give him one thousand souls in that church; that the whole city would be shaken. This seemed strange to many; skeptics sneered, but *faith in God* was implicit, and the victory sure. He wrote to me, saying: "The meetings are progressing with interest. This is a very wicked city, but God's power knows no limits."

God honors all the faith we exercise in him.

> "Faith, mighty Faith, the promise sees,
> And looks to that alone,
> Laughs at impossibilities
> And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

In eighteen days after the meetings began, Mr. Harrison wrote me: "I am now enjoying another

glorious victory, two hundred conversions, and the church crowded to its utmost capacity. The entire city shaken with the greatest awakening during the past fifty years. Glory to God for this remarkable revival."

The wonderful work went mightily onward, from conquering to conquer, till in five weeks five hundred and twenty-two persons professed to be converted. Two thousand crowded the church, and hundreds went away for want of standing-room.

Deep conviction pervaded the penitents, and this led to genuine conversions. With seventy-five or eighty forward for prayers, "There was little noise, and no confusion. Many whole families were converted."

The entire city felt the shock of this moral earthquake. Fifteen of the churches started revival services. Dr. Talmage from Brooklyn visited the city about this time and preached with great power for Mr. Harrison, and also in the Presbyterian Church, in which about two hundred had been converted.

When asked if the converts were faithful that joined his church when Mr. Harrison was there, he replied: "Of the six hundred and fifty-six that joined my church at that time to my knowledge, not one of them has backslidden. Besides,

these converts made some of the best workers in the late revival, in which more than three hundred professed conversion and joined the church."

The following is one of Mr. Harrison's sermons or talks in this revival: —

John iii. 16, will be found the bright side of the Gospel and the cheery side of redemption. The Prophet Jeremiah tells us how to find God, but John tells us how God comes to us. I love John, for he was a sort of favorite with Jesus, and I have sometimes thought that some Christians were more favorites with God than others, including myself, when the truth was they lived nearer to God and were in constant communion with Him. John had a wonderful power in love for Jesus. He was one of the three on the Mountain of Transfiguration. He was at the last supper, where Jesus leaned his head on John's bosom. He took Jesus' mother home with him from Calvary. Indeed, John and Jesus were knit together, and after the Saviour came forth from the sepulchre John was the first to cry out, "It is He; I know it. That's my Christ." Oh, that disciple Jesus loved, and it is proper that I should read in your ears the sweetest passage in all the Scriptures. You who have been on a steamer in the black darkness out on the sea will recollect the first flash of light from a beacon which cheered every heart. Well, dear friends, John has given you a beacon of light, mercy, love, and free grace, and while you are rocking to and fro on the billows of time, he has come to you with a beacon-light, and I want to read it to you for your good to-night; for there are three glimmering rays, pardon, mercy, and free grace. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In this picture John has colored your destiny with a lively hope, and given you also the shadow and the sombre hue.

John, that embodiment of love, makes the declaration the epitome of human salvation. That word perish, in the text, is the dark phase or background, for he evidently believed there would be some who would not believe and who would perish, for in his day, as in the present, there were those of indifferent faith who pretended to believe that if God intended that men should go to hell they would go there, and if to Heaven it would be all right anyway. It puts me in mind of a lazy, indolent young man who kept his hands in his pocket and consoled himself that if the Lord wanted him to have a place to work, he would get it, and if He didn't, it would be all right, for this world owed him a living. Oh, what an argument in the presence of an Omnipotent Jehovah! You are saying "The Lord will save me if He wants to." No, He won't, for you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to be saved. How many have believed in this wrong way, and He sent the thunderbolts of His Divine wrath and they went down to perdition. Now, John had the very look of love, and his every step was that of sympathy. He puts in the word perish that you might be saved and have everlasting life, and oh! I pray God that your soul may be saved to-night. A man takes medicine to make him well. I reach down to rescue a man from drowning, but if he declines to reach up and take my hand, he will perish. A poor man, if he succeeds in business by toiling and frugality and tact, he does well; but if he fails in these qualifications, he will always be a pauper. Now, John puts in a condition, "Whomsoever believeth on Him might not perish." On your streets there is crape on the door-knobs continually. Men and women are dying, dying, and the blackness of death is everywhere to be seen. You take up the lily, and while you hold it it fades, and droops, and dies. Such is life here on earth, but the Bible says in Jesus you have everlasting life, for John says, "God so loved the world," etc. The prophet brought home a baby to its mother and said that a mother forgets her suckling

child; but John declares that God never forgets you, and if you only believe on His Son and are saved, you will have everlasting life. There will be no perishing with you if you are only among the "whomsoever will." We are going to have a tremendous wave of God's power here to-night, — a great time in the conversion of sinners, for I am here to declare this night "whomsoever will." You must meet the condition, — give up all and accept this dear love spoken of by John. I much prefer the sunny side of Calvary and the bright promises of the Gospels to the thunderings of Sinai. Don't you? God grant you may come to Jesus and be saved. Oh, carry in your hearts that John has said there are some who will not come to Christ that they might not perish and have everlasting life, but are determined to go down to perdition, Get saved to-night. Accept the dear Saviour and all will be well. The congregation rose to their feet, and while singing, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy," sixty-seven came to the altar, and nineteen were happily converted. We never saw brighter and clearer evidences in all our life, and such was the testimony of other old veterans under the banner of Christ.

The following items were given to the press, and were published in the secular papers of the country: —

ROUSING RELIGIOUS REVIVAL — WONDERFUL SUCCESS OF THE BOY EVANGELIST IN INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., June 13, 1881.

Eleven weeks ago to-night the boy-preacher evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, began a revival in Roberts Park Church (Methodist), this city. The first night he predicted that over one thousand conversions would be made; that all

the churches would be thrown open, and that the city would be stirred in every part. The larger churches have been crowded to their utmost capacity; and many have been unable to gain admittance. At a meeting of the ministerial association this morning the total number of conversions is reported as about two thousand two hundred. In Roberts Park the number of conversions is said to be one thousand and eighty-nine, and hundreds are unable to gain admittance to the meetings. Sixteen churches are now open for revival work. The use of all the theatres has been tendered for Sunday services.

This speaks for itself, and as it came from a meeting of the ministerial association, we may regard it as official, and it is indeed wonderful and glorious. Can any living person remember to have seen or read of such mighty results? Onward, onward swept this tide of salvation till June 29th, when there was appointed

THE ALL-DAY JUBILEE MEETING,

which commenced with an early service at 5.30 A.M., when about one thousand persons wended their way to this church, notwithstanding the intense heat. It is impossible to describe the scene of so many saints exulting in God for this almost unparalleled work of grace.

In the 10 o'clock meeting, a number of ministers expressed their joy. Rev. Mr. Hyde, a leading minister of the Congregational church, said he had lived in the city more than twenty years, but

never saw the city so stirred as now. "It has reached all the churches and congregations of the city. It has given us more confidence in the power of the gospel, and its adaptation to the spiritual wants of mankind. I never saw a religious movement that encountered so little opposition. I am convinced that the gospel of Christ always carries the conscience of men."

Rev. Mr. Curtiss said, "I have looked forward to this day with much pleasure and anxiety. This revival has proved the wonderful power of grand and glorious singing. It has demonstrated also that the contribution-box can go right alongside of the work of grace in the human heart. It has been absolutely demonstrated that money poured into the treasury of the Lord, during a revival, does not kill it. Then we have been raised, as a city, a number of degrees in religious experience. God grant that we may not settle down from our present position. Then we have seen the entire change that religion has wrought in some men. May God give us more of these tremendous conversions. Then I have been impressed with the marvellous manner of the spirit's manifestations. We ignore this divine spirit too frequently. It is *an overwhelming influence*. The influence of this work has reached to distant parts of the country."

Rev. Mr. Morey expressed his sympathy with the whole movement, and said that hereafter Christians of different names will be bound together by nearer ties than ever before.

Rev. Dr. Talbut said, "This has been a wonderful revival in its effects upon so many homes and hearts that have been made glad. It has seemed as though the Christian church in this city could not hold up its head in the presence of the great opposition that it met. But Brother Harrison, under God, has been sent to us; and our faith was united, and now the churches are stronger than ever. Many of us thought that the time for old-fashioned revivals had gone by, but this meeting has changed our ideas, and we see that God is just as he was on the day of Pentecost, and that he honors faith just as he honored it then. It has been a great thing to have this fully demonstrated once more."

Some came six hundred miles to attend this meeting; the newspapers spread the glorious tidings far and wide, and multitudes came to the meeting to be converted.

The afternoon and evening meetings of this *jubilee day* were just such seasons of power and glory as might be expected after such a *moral cyclone* has swept the moral miasmas far away, Many found peace this day in believing, and God

was greatly glorified, and the whole city exalted in joy. Heaven and earth were made glad.

This revival took a practical turn, and many churches made successful efforts to pay off their church debts.

It is estimated that the Presbyterian churches of Indianapolis will receive five hundred members as their share of this heavenly revival.

So great was the attendance at Roberts Park Church, that one writer says five thousand persons were refused admission on a single night.

So mightily did salvation fill that city, that "conversions occurred in cellars, prayers were offered and souls were saved in the street cars. Ministers who had been preaching for years added new tenderness, a new pathos, and a new power to their teachings."

Thus, all classes of people were brought to Christ. "It was a veritable wave of blessing; the brooding power of God's love." History must record it as one of the most, if not the most remarkable outpourings of the spirit in the annals of the church. *Its power lifted and shook the States.* —God and his angels can alone gather up the fragments and number the hosts that partook of his feast."

The following is a thrilling statement of this mighty revival, as given by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Vernon, D. D. : —

THE ROBERTS PARK REVIVAL.

In midsummer, on the very last day of June, such a revival as was never known in the city has prevailed in Indianapolis. For twenty weeks,—the last thirteen of which the Rev. Thomas Harrison was with us,—the voice of prayer, song and exhortation, has risen as constantly as the evening shades have fallen, with evident tokens of the divine favors from the first. Roberts Park Church has been famous throughout its history as the aggressive revival church of Indiana, though its reputation in this respect has suffered the past few years. Since the erection of its new stone church, many who believed that there was nothing incompatible between elegance and revival of religion, continued praying with the old-time fervor and faith, and they have received more than the old-time answer. The revival has been the theme of conversation everywhere—on the streets, in the cars, in the stores, and in all social gatherings; while the children in the streets, the workmen in the shops and men upon the highway, filled the air with the revival songs, till there seemed to be almost one continued service night and day. Men coming to the city on business have said that as soon as their feet touched the street they felt the presence of something unusual, and that business transactions were always interlarded with conversation about the revival and religion. It broke through the cold reserve of Episcopalians, the cautious prudence of Presbyterians, and the scoffing indifference of skeptics ; it penetrated to the lowest strata, and swept like a contagion through the higher grades of society; it interested the frivolous, arrested the wayward and prodigal, and confounded the boastful philosopher ; it won the hostile by the sweetness of its spirit, dis-

armed critics by its beneficent results and convinced skeptics by its evident displays of divine power ; it gave the church a joy it has never known, rescued a vast number of souls and enveloped the city in the atmosphere of heaven, for a time at least. The light rose so high, that, for a hundred miles around, hearts were gladdened by it. People came from the towns and cities of the State to be converted, and went home to establish family religion and to begin the good work in their own communities. Often was this done with as much deliberation and definiteness as though they were coming to one of our wholesale houses for a bill of goods. Every outgoing train carried sparks to the dry stubble of other localities, and every incoming train brought new fuel to the flame. Visitors came five and six hundred miles to see, study, absorb, and, if possible, transplant the spirit of this great work. Letters and telegrams from Boston, San Francisco, and every part of the country, indicated that the work was not confined to Indiana.

Statistics give but little idea of the real life of anything, and yet, dry as they are, they may here help as walking-sticks for our imaginations. In Roberts Park Church alone more than two thousand persons expressed a desire for salvation, and the names and residences of twelve hundred and sixteen persons, who, having knelt at the altar, were allowed to remain there, some of them for thirty nights, till, in good old Methodist style, they were able to say, not "for another," nor "by another," but "for themselves," that they were converted. After some weeks the work forced itself into other churches, the people in some cases compelling the ministers to begin services, and nearly as many more were converted in the various churches. It is estimated that *six thousand people* in some way gave expressionto a desire for a better life during the progress of the work.

The character of the work, while marred by some defects, as all church work is on the human side, was remarkable

for the simplicity of its methods, the intense earnestness of its pure evangelical spirit, the depth and pungency of conviction from sin, the clearness and often the quickness of conversion, and the absence of extravagant demonstrations or utterances in the meetings. The public testimonies and the changed lives of the converts have silenced all questionings and proved the genuineness and thoroughness of the work. Ministers of various denominations have attended the meetings and have pronounced the work to be of the Holy Spirit. There has been no effort to make the way easy, to go around hard places, or to usurp the office of the Holy Spirit by persuading people that they were converted. Public, open confession by kneeling at the altar, prayer and struggle of soul till the witness of the Spirit was given, have been the line of work through all these weeks of wonderful victory. For many nights together there was an average of two thousand people in the church, one hundred at the altar, and thirty conversions, more people being turned away than were able to get into the church. The fruits of this revival falling in showers from our branches have been eagerly gathered up by other workers as well as our own, who kindly came to our help at our invitation, lest from the abundance something should be lost. The various Methodist churches have shared largely, Roberts Park alone receiving four hundred and thirty members, and next in order the Presbyterians have profited by the revival. The First Church has received about thirty, the Second about one hundred and fifty, the Memorial one hundred, and two or three others forty or fifty members each. A great stimulus has been given to church life in general, showing itself in many ways, specially, just now, in a movement all along the line against a number of old, musty church debts, that have for years threatened the very existence of several churches. Grace and Ames Methodist churches have paid their debts, Roberts Park is well on the way with an effort

to pay off its $30,000 debt, while Meridian and California street are both working in the same direction, with good hope of success. A revival that pays off church debts has in it something of the power that brought Lazarus from the tomb.

Mr. Harrison is a very effective laborer, with strong personal characteristics bordering on eccentricity. They grow out of his child-like simplicity, singleness of aim, and disregard of all conventionalisms, and are not specially offensive to a truly refined nature. There is nothing rough, coarse, or clownish about him. His exhortations are simple, direct, earnest, taking, and delivered with full faith that the people will, of course, at once heed and obey his summons. He is Methodistic in experience, doctrine, and practice, carrying in his own person the fervor and fire of fifty years ago in connection with the refinements of the present. All classes came under his influence here. A number of infidels renounced their skepticism, and were converted, others who had not been inside of a church for years are now happy in the joys of faith ; whole families were converted and young men who were a grief and a shame to their parents were converted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. HARRISON'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Harrison takes one evening in his meetings in different places, to relate his *thrilling experience* in detail, and multitudes that hear it desire to see it in print, and multitudes more that never heard it are anxious to find out how this wonderful man has been blest and *empowered of God*, for his life-work. One evening, in the Roberts Park Church Mr. Harrison told his experience as follows: In hurrying through my experience to-night, I shall speak of four points: My awakening, conversion, the baptism of fire, and the full assurance of faith. And as the foundation of my experience I will take a text of scripture: "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Eph. ii. 8.

The Bible speaks of some Christians whose experience is like a morning without a cloud. For some years of my early life my own experience in a temporal way was like a morning without a cloud. I had everything to make me happy, and all my plans were for enjoyment. One summer

morning I said to myself, "Now I am going to have a better time than ever I had before in my life;" and I formed my plans to spend ten weeks in Nova Scotia, and I bade farewell to father and mother and my brother, whom I loved better than life. And away I went full of hope and joy; but soon there came a time when I heard the thunders of God's wrath breaking over my head, and He brought me down to the very edge of Death's cold stream, where the loved one had gone over and I saw him no more. A message came; I broke the seal. Written on the inside were only three words: "Freddy is dead." Then I bowed myself down before God's judgments and cried to God to save me, that I might meet him again, and that was all I asked. That was one means that God took to awaken my soul — that was one line — and the other was my godly mother's prayers. Every morning she would have us close the doors after my father had gone early to business, and take her Bible and pray such a prayer as only mothers ever pray for their children. Sometimes I would get up when she was done praying, and hurry away lest she should see my tears. I would steal away to my room, and try to find relief. I bore a heart-aching on account of my brother's death and a spirit distressed because of my mother's prayers for me, until one time she seemed to pray longer and more earnestly than I had ever heard her before, and besought God for the salvation of her son, and cried, "O Lord, how long! how long! how long!" I thought I should die. I tried to study; I could not. I tried to work; I could not talk; I could not do anything. I cried, "Lord Jesus, this darkness is too terrible; I cannot bear it; let one ray of light from the Infinite come down to my poor soul and show me the way." It was watch-night. My mother had gone to the meeting. I got up and left my home; went into the street with an aching heart at 11.45. I went out into the darkness and the snow-storm, and prayed that while God's snows were floating down from the heavens, God might send down from the

depths of infinite mercy some little hope to my poor spirit. In five minutes I came to the lamp-post close by where the watch-meeting was, and heard them singing the Covenant hymn, my mother's voice blending with the rest; and as I stood there it seemed to me that the voice of God came to me as clearly as ever I heard the voice of my mother, saying to me; "Son, give Me thy heart." I said to God: Lord, excuse me just now; let me only go home; I can't get down here in the snow and cry for mercy; the snow will blind me, and the wind will pierce me through — let me go home and get where it is warm, and I will give Thee my heart." Then there came to me a voice, louder by far than the loudest blasts of that December night. "Now or never." I believe, Dr. Vernon, as much as I believe I am standing in this church to-night, that if I had crossed the line that was just before me at that moment, and resisted God's spirit, he would never, never have come to me again and I should have been lost. The Bible speaks of the voice of God as being still. It was not that way with me. It was like the thunders of eternity. "Now or never." I heard it as I would hear my mother's voice. I stood there and heard the old village clock strike six times. I knew full well that within the church the followers of Jesus were covenanting for holy living for the time to come. The clock was striking; I heard that voice saying in thunder-tones to my heart — in tones that pierced my very soul — "Before the tongue of that bell shall strike the last stroke, you must be saved or lost!" "My God," I cried, "can't I have a little time? Can't I be saved a moment later?" Again came that voice from the depths of the infinite, "Now or never!" and it seemed to me now that just about the tenth stroke of that bell God Himself, from the depths of His unspeakable mercy, stretched forth His Almighty arm and interposed, and said: "I will hold back the stroke of the bell while for one minute you look to me." It seemed to me a very long time between those two strokes of that bell, and, thank God,

before the eleventh stroke rang out on the air, the pent-up feelings of my poor heart broke forth in one strong cry, "Now!" and the two "nows" came together, God's spirit answering to my own in an instant, and I found myself saved — redeemed! It was all right in the twinkling of an eye. I met the conditions — God blessed me. I came up to the requirements — God showered down blessings. For four years his infinite mercy had been trying to kiss my poor soul — His loving arms reaching out to embrace me; but I would not let Him. But at last, all of a sudden, I extended my arms toward Him; I turned the lips of my soul toward His infinite love, and in a moment He kissed all my trouble away, all my sorrow, all my grief away. I did not think I was converted; I knew it. In the day God gave me the marvellous enjoyment of His presence and His love, and He gave me "songs in the night."

But the time came when I felt something more was needed. I felt that there was something vastly higher, greater, richer, than anything that I then knew anything about. My mother, quiet and retiring, had made no public profession of sanctification; there was no need of it; her life was enough. But I felt this great need in my heart, and I went into a Methodist book store, and I said: "Give me 'Fletcher's Plain Account'; give me 'Carvosso'; give me 'Bramwell'; give me 'Lady Huntington'; give me 'Madame Guyon'; — a Roman Catholic, but one who had said 'I received it at noon-day in my sitting-room by faith' — without the aid of priest, bishop, or archbishop — 'by faith' — give me 'Fenelon' — the mightiest Catholic that ever lived, who lived so near God's throne that he shook Rome to the centre, and when he died the people kissed the very chairs in which he sat while living." With all these books under my arm I started home, and well I might. Then I read the books and I read God's Word, and I cried day and night that I might have the baptism of the Holy Ghost. But as the children of Israel by their own un-

belief were kept wandering about in the wilderness for forty years, when they might as well have gone into the Promised Land in as many days, so I was in the wilderness of doubt and uncertainty two long years without experiencing the fulness of God's love, whereas I ought not to have been without it that many hours. Why was this? Because I was unwilling to trust to Jesus -- to look to Him without an 'if.' I was not ready to say: "I will have the blessing of a clean heart. I will have full salvation. God has promised it and it shall be mine." There was the trouble. Wesley says that a member of one of his congregations received this wonderful baptism of the spirit within five hours after conversion. He says you may receive it right along with the pardon of your sins, if you will. I did not so receive it, and this night, before God and men, I bow my head in shame and confess to Him and to you that in my inmost soul I am sorry that I stayed away, distrusting Christ, but studying books, studying the Bible and doing everything I could but the one thing that would have brought the blessing to my poor heart.

But, thank God, the time came when I reached a point where I said: "Now, I have been seeking this anointing of grace, this baptism of fear, so long that I must have it or die. I will enjoy this cleansing in the blood of the Lamb or die." I had become as desperate as some have been at this altar. I said: "Now I will lay the books all aside, and this one afternoon shall be all knee-work." I went into the mountain where no voice could reach me, and no eye could see me, and no ear could hear me but God's, and I got down on my knees to pray, and pray as the Fathers of Methodism used to pray, to struggle long and mightily with God for the blessing. I had made my mind up to pray that way, but I didn't do it; for I had not been but a little while on my knees before God flashed upon my mind and through every avenue of my soul the truth that there was a better way than long and hard struggling with God for his bless-

ing upon the human soul. I got upon my knees and first I had a talk with my knees themselves I said to them: "Now, you may as well come right down to it; if you must ache, ache; and if you must break, break; for I am not going to get up till God gives me the victory." I looked at my watch. I said: "If I don't get the blessing before the academy bell rings, I will stay here till morning." Now, just as sure as God is love, whenever Christians get desperately in earnest with God, something is going to happen, and that something is sure to be victory and cheer and blessing. How long did I kneel? Thirty minutes, think you? No. Ten minutes? Never. Five minutes? Not at all. No, thank God. I wanted to see how long it had been before God heard and answered me; and out came my watch at the end of three minutes, and I jumped to my feet with a shout that must have made the birds in the tree-tops start from their nests in alarm. "Glory to God! I've got it! I've got it!" And it never has left me for a moment It was the Baptism of Fire received by Faith.

I now come to the most important part of my experience, so far as relates to the results of my ministry. The question has been discussed in preachers' meetings; it has been mysticism to worldlings and sinners, and sometimes even to believers, — the full assurance of faith and its results. "How is it, Mr. Harrison, that everywhere your labors are crowned with such overwhelming success? If you could preach like Dr. Vernon, it might be attributed to the powerful preaching, but sometimes you don't even exhort at all, and yet you seem to draw people by a power that is magnetic. Where is the secret? How is it that in June weather, with the mercury up to ninety, two thousand or three thousand people crowd the church, and hundreds stand outside the door begging for admittance? Why is it that for thirteen weeks one of the largest churches in Methodism is packed from pulpit to vestibule, week after week? How is it that Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Christian churches

all catch the heavenly spark, and the whole city and State are aglow with the glory of God's saving power?"

I will tell you I will make it plain to everybody. "The full assurance of faith." I was a student at Dr. Talmage's Lay College in Brooklyn, and in his family seeking for preparation for some work of usefulness. I did not know where. I concluded I would go and see an old friend at Long Plains. I told my mother I would be back early Monday morning. This was Friday night. I intended to be back on Monday, but you shall see how God led me. I reached my destination. On meeting my friend at Long Plains, he said to me, using the old college name: "Harry, anticipating your coming, I have sent out circulars for eight miles around, that to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, and at night, you are to hold revival meetings." I said to him: "My dear friend, what possesses you?" They were as cold as death in my church in Boston, had had no revivals for years; even I was not converted at their altar, but in a snow-bank. I said to my friend: "You have made a mistake. I do not know anything about revivals." I only knew what I enjoyed in my own heart. Said he: "Harry, it's out." Said I: "Well, let us go to your room and pray over it." We went to his room and prayed. He prayed and I prayed, and when the time came, I went into the pulpit and took a text and preached, and had a good time myself whether the people had or not; and at the conclusion of the meeting they came crowding around and shook hands with me, and I felt happy. About five o'clock, after supper was over, my friend said to me: "Harry, I want to pray." "So do I," I said, "Let us go into your room, by the fire, and pray together." "No," said he, I want to go behind the church into the woods and pray there. Father or mother or the children might come in and interrupt us in my room." So we went out through the snow into the woods behind the church, and we came to a tree that held its foliage all the winter through, and there

was a green spot under it where there was no snow, and we knelt there and prayed. He prayed and I prayed for about twenty or thirty minutes, till we got all enthused with faith and zeal for God, and it came to be more like July than December, for we had got ourselves warm inside and hot outside. My friend rose up with his face shining with a great victory, and the tears of joy rolling down his cheeks, and he said to me: "Harry, we are going to have a great revival to-night." I stood still and looked at him a moment, and I said: "My friend, what is the matter with you,— talking about a revival? What do you mean?" Said he: "I mean just what I say; we are going to have a great revival to-night." Said I: "What makes you think that?" Then I saw the light; then I realized the blessing; then I comprehended the power; then I saw God as I had never seen him before. I saw the fulness of power, the power of the Holy Ghost that God can give to those who believe. Here is the secret of the power that God has given me, and which has led, under God, to the salvation of more than seventeen thousand souls. Said I: "Why do you think that?" And the answer was: "*I have asked God, and I believe him.*" I grasped his hand in mine; I put his arm in mine; my soul met his; my faith kissed his. "Amen!" My heart's desire met his. "Amen!" I said: "I see it; I see it; glory to God." I nearly lost my strength under the weight of glory that filled my soul when I saw the willingness of God, the ability of God, and the present power of God to give the blessing. I received the "full assurance of faith" under the power of God in that boy, who said to me: "*Harry, I have asked God, and I believe him.*" Heaven help all the people here to get on that line to-night. Your churches would all be all aflame with the power of God.

It will not do to ask of God, and limit him by our lack of faith in his answers to prayer. Oh, put away the milk of the word, and stand up in the full measure of manhood and womanhood in Christ Jesus, and say, as that boy said to me: "*I have asked God, and I believe him.*"

I entered the pulpit that night. The church was packed from the chancel to the entry! Curiosity was on tiptoe, to see what such a boy would say. I opened the old hymn book; I was very happy. I said, "We will sing to-night a hymn expressive somewhat of my own feelings, and I will line it for you, as some may not have books. If you prefer sitting you can do so, but I hope everybody will sing with me." The organ played the tune, and, as God led me, I commenced with the first line, "O, for a thousand—" I stopped. I said, "I will read the hymn. O, for a thousand —." I tried it again. "O, for a ——." I did not go as far as I did before. If I had kept on a little longer I would only have been able to say "O!" I was then, as now, as nervous as a man can be and live. I was not so careful as ten years' of experience has made me. I did then what I would not do now. I never said a word to the minister, but got right down and out over the altar-rail and went straight to a young man who was crying as if his heart would break, and whispered in his ear and said to him, "My dear friend, if you must cry please cry to yourself—cry so that I will not hear you—I would like to read my hymn," but he did what the man did in the Scriptures, when the Disciples told him to be still, "he cried so much the more." I went back and again commenced to read the hymn, but had not uttered two words till I heard back by the third window a strange noise, and I said I must see to that, sure. I started and went back there and found a large, stout man crying like a baby. Said I: "My friend, excuse me, but I would like to be able to read my hymn. If you have to cry, please cry quietly." But, just like the other man, he cried all the more. About that time I got back to the altar-rail, when I saw a young lady sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. I got half way to her and stopped and said to myself: "You must be careful here; it is a lady." I took another look at her, and I said to myself: "Oh! what is this?" Her face was very pale, her dress black, her bonnet black with white

inside. I said : "I'll not go to you ; I will let you cry." I went back to the pulpit and I said : "I cannot read my hymn while you are sobbing that way. If you have to cry, please cry quietly." But when a man is crying to God for mercy you can't stop him. You might as well try to stop a stream of water with your hands. They cried only more and more. I thought to myself. "Well, here I am in a pretty situation to be sure. I haven't got a chance to make my exhortation, or read my hymn, or even take up the collection. What shall I do? Why are all these people sobbing and crying?" I made up my mind to find out. I went first to the young man of nineteen who had been crying by the window, and said: "What are you crying for? Nothing has been said to cause you to cry." He said : "O, I wish I was a Christian." I went then to the man down by the third window and he said to me : "I wish I was saved." I said I would go to that lady who was crying so, and I went and asked her : "What are you crying for?" Said she : "Oh, Mr. Harrison, I am in great trouble. My mother died a few weeks ago, and I so wish I was prepared to meet her." I went into the pulpit and asked the minister what I should do, Said he, "I don't know, Brother Harrison, but pray do something quick."

I looked at the four or five seats alongside the pulpit and said, "These seats will be vacated, and I am going to have a word of prayer with those who may wish to seek God ;" and in an instant, from the first pew to the door, they bowed their heads, and sobs and groans almost shook the church. I said, "If any here desire to be helped by faith and prayer, come and kneel," and every seat was packed in two minutes. I said, "clear these front seats." They filled the two front pews in less than three minutes. Then I said: "If you want to be saved kneel right where you are," and they fell to the ground all over the church, and that night, from 6.30 to 11 o'clock, God shook that place, and instead of my going home on Monday, I have not been home since

to stay. I stayed there twenty-nine nights, and God saved nearly the whole town.

"*I have asked God, and I believe Him.*" There is the secret of power. There is "mesmerism." Take it. There is "electricity." Get it. There is the power to throw a "spell" over a congregation and make them do what you will. You may have it. Men say they don't understand me, and can't understand me; that I have a magnetic power in my body. They tell "stories," every one of them. It is faith in God! *It is faith in God!* I want the reporters who are here to-night to put it down in big letters and underscore it. I want it to go out from Indianapolis to this State, and all other States, that the real secret of power at these revivals—the foundation, the superstructure and the crowning point of all is—*faith in God!* "*I have asked God, and I believe Him.*" Since that hour God has given me seventeen thousand souls as the reward-answer of faith.

It is Pauline, Scriptural Methodism to the last letter. Have faith in God, and you can unlock the treasure-house of God's glory and have all you want. Have faith in God, and you can get hold of the Eternal Throne. May God give the members of this Church, the converts and sinners, faith in God this night.

I close now, throwing out the assurance to every one here, and hoping that it will go all over the State and all over the United States, that the secret of the success of these meetings is faith in God. Let everybody say, amen!

CHAPTER XIX.

REVIVAL IN SAN FRANCISCO AND CINCINNATI.

THREE months after Mr. Harrison left Indianapolis the revival still continued. The churches were filled to overflowing, and five thousand were added to the churches. Nearly a year after I found, by report, that "The majority of the churches were still having large accessions and conversions. The *general religious* feeling was much more intense than it was a year before. Only five of the two hundred and thirty-two probationers in Roberts' Park Church were found unworthy of membership. Glory to God for this blessed fact! This shows that the conversions were genuine. We reach the same conclusion when we find that ninety-seven per cent. of the probationers at Meriden were counted worthy to join the church."

In the fall of 1881 Mr. Harrison spent six weeks in Howard Street Church, San Francisco, Dr. F. F. Jewell, pastor. There was a vast multitude to welcome the Evangelist on Sabbath morning, Oct. 9. Hundreds were unable to find standing-room in the evening. Satan and his

hosts were present, and an opposition amounting almost to persecution was soon developed among the rabble of the city. Some of the meetings were shamefully disturbed. Some of the daily papers cried out against the work. One minister said, "Mr. Harrison's power is preternatural." Yet sinners were constantly converted, and four hundred bowed before God. This *fiery trial* and glorious triumph were to prepare the young Evangelist for

THE MIGHTY WORK OF GOD AT CINCINNATI.

After returning from the Pacific Coast and making a short visit to his lovely home in Boston, he proceeded to Cincinnati, Ohio, and commenced revival services in St. Paul's Church, Jan. 11, 1882, Rev. Dr. Isaac W. Joyce, pastor.

This city has been long noted as a stronghold of infidelity, Sabbath-breaking, and drunkenness. Three thousand saloons have been kept open almost day and night, Sunday and all. Sin had waxed so dominant that the churches had hardly been able to hold on their way, and leading members had been heavily taxed to sustain the cause of Christ. The best pastors of the city had put forth their earnest efforts to check the rapid and alarming growth of worldliness and dissipation. Attendance upon church worship was chiefly confined to church members. Noted evangelists have

frequently been urged to come and labor in this city, but have declined. Here Robert Ingersoll has had his most enthusiastic admirers and his largest congregations. Rationalism, Romanism, and Rum have had their stronghold here.

Many good people have thought that it was impossible to have any extensive revival in this city. In 1832–33 Bishop Thomas A. Morris was preacher in charge, with George W. Walker and David Whitcomb as his colleagues. There was associated with these three, as an evangelist, for some time, the Rev. John Newland Maffit, whose fervid eloquence drew vast congregations, and under whose tremendous appeals the multitudes were swayed as a forest when played upon by a tempest. In about five months there were six hundred conversions, and eight hundred additions to the church.

No extensive revivals have been known in this city since then till the one that we now record. For a long time Dr. Joyce had to wait the coming of Mr. Harrison. It was decided that all the ministers and Christian workers should sustain the evangelist in every possible manner, and thus break through the ranks of the enemy. Public interest was soon awakened. Daily reports of the meetings were published in the papers of the city. *The Western Christian Advocate* devoted

three or four columns to reports of these *times of refreshing*. Bishop Wiley gave the meetings his entire influence, and soon his own lovely daughter was most powerfully converted, and fell into his arms overwhelmed with the salvation of God.

St. Paul's Church, where the meetings were held, is one of the largest and most wealthy churches of the city, yet it was packed from night to night, till hundreds had to go away for want of standing-room. Great solemnity and deep feeling pervaded the meetings. The conversions were clear and joyous. Sometimes the converts would almost leap for joy. In a little more than two weeks there were three hundred and forty-one seekers at the altar, and two hundred and seventeen gave their names as truly converted. This did not include those that were converted in the pews, or at their homes, as the result of his meetings. "Several of the Methodist pastors were compelled to commence revival services in their own churches. This was so in other denominations of the city."

The pastor of St. Paul's, Dr. Joyce, is a princely man, of great mental and spiritual ability. A magnificent preacher, declaring the whole counsel of God. His exhortations are mighty, and his Sunday morning sermons were most powerful. Never did a pastor render more efficient help to an

evangelist than Dr. Joyce did to Mr. Harrison. Many sinners were swayed by his eloquent appeals. The Wesleyan Female College was especially favored in having so many of its students converted. So great was the interest that one Friday they had to suspend the regular exercises of the college, and inquiry meetings were held during the day. All but two of the twenty-two in the graduating class were either converted or were seeking religion. Who can tell the marvellous results of so many conversions among this interesting class.

The meetings were held at 3, 7, and 7.45 P. M. The afternoon meeting was especially for the anointing of ministers and Christian workers, and to gather reports from the pastors.

There was a great variety among the converts, including the infidel of about sixty years. A mother and eight children were converted. A number of Catholics were saved. One Catholic lady came to the church out of curiosity. She was displeased and left the church, but some invisible and mysterious power compelled her to return the same night, and the next night she was converted, and soon after joined the church. Bishop Warren attended this meeting one evening, and gave a thrilling account of it, declaring this revival to be the Lord's doings, and marvellous in his eyes.

"One pound of talent, backed by ten pounds of energy, will accomplish more than ten pounds of talent backed by one pound of energy. And if all the preachers would go to work, and trust more in God than in fine sermons, there would be no lack of revivals, and souls would be saved." This is exactly true of Mr. Harrison. His one pound of talent is backed by ten pounds of energy, and accompanied with an unwavering faith; this gives him unparalleled success.

While this glorious meeting was going on Bishop Foster, at the Social Union in Boston, said, "The great revival at Cincinnati is by an instrument feeble, but mighty through God, who has shaken that city, dead with seven deaths, to its foundation. A thousand souls have been converted in these six weeks, all the churches are on fire, and the most careful and exemplary judges regard the work as sound and thorough."

The Boston preachers' meeting sent Brother Harrison a flaming telegram, which was read to that vast audience the night I was there, when the last fifteen of the first thousand were saved. What a heavenly jubilee we did have that night! The atmosphere of that great church was charged with the life and power of God. Ministers and church-members, young and old, were all on fire with the glory of God, and shouts and shaking

hands and giving glory to God were all in perfect order, while angelic hosts were exulting in the triumph. Oh, it was glorious! On and on this heavenly victory went till *thirteen hundred and seventy-three* professed conversion at the altar, and a large number professed the blessing of entire sanctification. Some came hundreds of miles to attend these meetings and get converted, so that sixteen States were represented. Dr. Joyce says that many of the converts were already members of the churches. This shows the sad state of things when these meetings began.

A volume might be written on this revival. But it will take eternity to tell the good that was done. The old-fashioned gospel, according to Methodism, has taken a new departure, and thousands of Methodist pastors have taken a new inspiration from this great triumph of truth. Allelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. "Mr. Harrison must be accepted by the church as a divine agent for putting into effective operation truth already held by her people, but powerless without the superadded energy of the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER XX.

REVIVALS IN DECATUR, DANVILLE, AND ROCKFORD, ILL.

It is a perfect wonder to earth and heaven that Mr. Harrison still goes on from conquering to conquer. Besides his labor in camp-meetings in summer, he continues to see thousands of souls converted in the different cities that he labors in.

JUBILEE AT DECATUR OVER TWO THOUSAND CONVERTS.

April 10, 1883, was the greatest day that this city ever saw. Just think of two thousand souls born into the kingdom of God! Week after week this mighty work has rolled on. The people came from Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Indiana, and Michigan, on purpose to attend this revival and to get converted, so that it was estimated that eight hundred of the converts were from different parts of the country; and they returned to their homes to scatter the holy fire. Over thirteen States were represented in this revival. There was a great regularity in this work; for, while there was no great break down at any one time, there never was a day without conversions. In the judgment of those best acquainted, the real number was much larger than the numbers reported at the altar.

The jubilee began with nine hundred persons present at a love-feast at 5.30 A.M. Three hundred and thirty-five persons spoke in fifty minutes. They were testimonies of conscious adoption and of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. At 10.30, Dr. Hatfield preached on

"The Immunities and Privileges of Christ's People," text, I Cor. iii. 22. It was plain, practical, forcible, rich in Bible illustrations. Dr. Joyce preached at 2.30 on "The Conditions of the Jubilee," text, I John v. 4: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." He carried the audience with him, and told many incidents of Mr. Harrison's revival in Cincinnati, and testified that at least ninety per cent. of the converts remained faithful. I rejoice to know that this is the general testimony as to the permanency of Mr. Harrison's work in the churches. This may be expected when we consider the following testimony of Rev. R. N. Davies, Presiding Elder of the Decatur District: —

"As to the doctrines preached by Mr. Harrison, they are purely biblical, the same in substance, plainness, and power as those preached by Wesley and the early Methodist preachers. The vicarious death of Christ, the radical nature and the necessity of the new birth, justification by faith only, the witness of the Spirit, a future general judgment, and endless punishment, have been steadily, plainly, and forcibly insisted upon. No mere profession of a willingness to believe in Christ, or of a resolution to serve him, has been accepted as an evidence of conversion. Under the preaching, exhortation, and prayers of Brother Harrison, the conviction of the penitents has been deep and pungent, as evidenced by their tears, cries, groans, sobs, and agonizing prayers. Many were so powerfully convicted as to fall where they stood, unable to come to the altar. Brother Harrison has taught the seekers to look for a clear, unmistakable witness of the Spirit to the fact of their conversion, and not to be satisfied without it. The conversions under Brother Harrison's ministry have the clear, happy ring of the old Methodist altar work. The doctrine of Christian perfection, as it is found in the Bible, as it was taught by the Wesleys and by Fletcher, as exemplified in their lives, and as exemplified in the lives of Bramwell, Carvosso, and Hester Ann Rogers, is preached by him in great simplicity, power, and efficiency. Discouraging all extravagances and fanaticism, he successfully leads many to purity of heart and of life. Brother Harrison is in hearty sympathy with all of the old time-honored usages of Methodism; the altar of prayer and the class-meeting receive his hearty support."

REVIVAL AT DANVILLE, ILL.

Mr. Harrison began in Danville, Ill., in the early part of October, 1883. For a few days, there was *a trial of faith*, but soon the tidal wave of power set in, and all through the meetings there was constant victory, so that, in one day and evening, as many as seventy came forward for prayers, crying for mercy.

The meetings were held in the Kimbur Methodist Church. Mr. Harrison, with his *peculiar methods* and *burning zeal*, grew in favor with the people till the end. Convictions were *deep* and *pungent*, the conversions were *clear* and *strong*. Nov. 21 there was a Jubilee Service of over one thousand seekers that had bowed at the altar during the six weeks of the meetings.

REVIVAL AT ROCKFORD, ILL.

This glorious revival began in the Centennial M. E. Church, in the last week of November, 1883. God so moved the city that, at the close of the third week, there had been four hundred and ninety-seven seekers and three hundred and ninety-five conversions.

One Friday afternoon, Mr. Harrison spoke on "The Baptism of Fire." He showed the character of the work of this baptism. In the language of Rev. John Fletcher, "This person will be as simple as a child, and as gentle as a dove; bold as a lion for Jesus; as patient as an ox under trial; as wise as a serpent, but without the poison; a man *gentle*, *sweet*, *loving*, and *humble*."

Sometimes two thousand people would fail to find entrance into the church, while seventy-nine came to the altar at one time. The revival flame set the whole city in a blaze. Souls were converted in all parts of the city. At the close of the eighth week, more than nine hundred and fifty had been at the altar in Mr. Harrison's meetings alone.

A Jubilee Meeting was held one Friday over one thousand souls that had started for the kingdom. A love-feast was held at 9.30. Dr. A. C. George, of Chicago, preached at 10.30, and Bishop Merrill at 2.30. Mr. Harrison preached in the evening, and the interest was greater than ever. On Sunday evening, the house was crowded an hour before the time. Services began early, and the altar work was commenced at seven o'clock, and nearly forty were converted that night.

Mr. Harrison is now laboring in Dr. Tudor's church, St. Louis, where 300 sought the Lord in the first two weeks.

Mr. Harrison's work has been mainly in the west, but in the winter and spring of 1886 he became so completely exhausted that he had to return home and rest. In the fall Dr. Ela, pastor of Bromfield street Church, Boston, invited him to preach for him one Sabbath and the religious interest was so great that he remained there a number of weeks, and hundreds came forward for prayers, and many were converted. One Sabbath afternoon he preached on the baptism of the Holy Ghost; the house was filled, and the power of God fell upon the people. Eternal good was done.

Then he went to help Rev. I. H. Packard at Trinity Church, Charlestown, Mass. This is a large, flourishing church, and the power of the Lord was displayed for many weeks, and hundreds were converted and the church greatly blessed and edified.

I attended many of these meetings, and was convinced that Mr. Harrison had greatly improved as a preacher. He did preach some most excellent sermons; and Mr. Packard said it was remarkable with what power he would hold the large audiences that crowded that large church, especially on Sunday nights. They had to have policemen at the door to handle the crowds.

Then he went to Worcester, Mass., to the Trinity and Grace churches, Revs. W. T. Perrin and G. Whitaker, pastors, where he held the

masses for three months or more, and hundreds were converted, and many churches of the city were greatly blest and built up. During this time Dr. Munhall came to the city and held revival services with great power, but Mr. Harrison's meetings held right on. The pastors went to conference, but the meetings continued. It may be he stayed there a little too long. One Sabbath at Trinity Church the masses were so great that after the house was packed, there were so many outside that Rev. G. Whitaker preached to them from the steps of the church. This shows how to reach the masses. One Sabbath Mr. Harrison preached to men only, on the unpardonable sin; there was a mighty conviction.

After these meetings he rested awhile, but when the camp meetings came he could hardly keep away, so he went, weak as he was, to Sterling camp meeting, Mass., and was made a great blessing to hundreds; so he was at South Framingham camp meeting.

Then he went to spend the Sabbath at Leominster, Rev. C. W. Wilder, pastor, and the power of God fell upon the people and hundreds were saved during his stay. It was a glorious work of God.

Then he went to help Dr. Westwood at Providence, R. I. Here he had a hard time for a while. Hinderances were in the way, but God helped him and he conquered. While there Dr.

Musgrove came from the west, and told us of the wonderful revivals, when Mr. Harrison helped him in the west, and urged him to go west and help him again; but his father had died, his mother felt lonesome, so he could hardly feel like going so far from home. So he labored on at Providence, and the power of God was displayed, and the Chestnut street Church took a new lease of its life; hundreds were forward for prayers, and many were converted and joined the church. So God honored him in New England.

He is now laboring in New York City with Rev. S. Merritt, and fifty were converted the first week, praise God!

Mr. Harrison has labored with great success in Toronto, Canada, also in St. Louis, Chicago, Louisville, Denver, Council Bluffs, Milwaukee and Janesville; besides going, as a flame of fire, to the camp meetings. No wonder that in the summer of 1886 he came near to the gates of death. But God has restored him, and he is laboring as vigorously as ever.

Pray for him. He maintains his simplicity of faith and fervor of soul. The people are never weary in hearing him.

CHAPTER XXI.

GREAT REVIVAL IN NEW YORK CITY.

For three months there has been a great work of grace and salvation going on in New York City. After leaving Providence, R. I., Mr. Harrison yielded to the pressing invitation of Rev. S. Merritt, and came and held revival services in Jane Street Church, where there were great displays of the Redeemer's power; hundreds were converted. At length the meetings were moved to the Central Methodist Church, where the converts were so numerous that it was thought proper to have a three days' jubilee over the salvation of one thousand sinners.

All the churches have felt the power of those meetings; Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians have rejoiced to have new born souls among them. Indeed, some of the ministers have been greatly baptized, and are determined to labor for the salvation of souls.

It was found necessary to have this revival in New York, for the tide of worldliness and wickedness had so far prevailed that Methodism was not gaining on the population, as it ought. There were only 15,000 Methodist members, and it was

high time that thousands more were added to the churches, such as are truly saved.

This is a permanent work of God, for the converts show a clear evidence of conversion, and some of them have already led others to Christ. There is a spirit of entire consecration prevailing and many are seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, which shall burn up the remains of depravity in the hearts of God's people and inspire them with such faith as will lead them on to certain victory. And thus this world will be won to God by each one saving another one, and those that are saved will be the means of saving others. This baptism of the Holy Ghost is for the members as well as the ministers; they may all be filled with the Holy Ghost and made mighty in leading others to the feet of Jesus.

During this wonderful work of grace in New York, Mr. Harrison preached the following

SERMON.

The text was Matt. 3 : 11, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire." John the Baptist was standing by the river Jordan and many were coming to him for baptism who had repented of their sins. They were thinking more highly of him than he wished them to think, and all at once he proclaims that there is one coming after him who was so much mightier than he that he was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes: and while

you are receiving the baptism unto repentance, there is one coming after me who will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

This leads us to consider the fact that God's children in all parts of the world are enquiring "How can we abide in the fulness of Christ's love?" The Holy Spirit is moving the whole Christian church in that direction. Many think that there is a place of rest here, where the soul can enjoy, without interruption and without disturbance, the fulness of Christ's love. They are seeking light on this subject. They want to find rest for their souls, and walk with God, as Enoch did. They are searching after this experience.

The text that I read speaks of Christ baptizing with fire and the Holy Ghost. In II. Samuel, 23 : 24, we have a description of the state of a person who enjoys intimate communion with God: "And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." You have seen a pleasant morning, when there was no mist, no cloud, no fog, and you have looked up into the sky and you have seen the sun streaming through with its light, and nothing to disturb its shining or interfere with its clearness. So may every true Christian have this blessed enjoyment.

But how can we obtain this heavenly experience? It is by faith. When Peter preached in the house of Cornelius the Holy Ghost fell upon all them that heard the Word. Then Peter remembered the words of Jesus, how he said, "John indeed baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost;" and then he says "He purified their hearts by faith." This is the only way in which you can obtain any spiritual

blessing. It is faith, faith, faith! that is the key note.

In reading our text there are several things that suggest themselves to our minds. The first thing that comes to the thought in regard to this height of joy, this realm of power and this wonderful peace is, Is it attainable? Can I reach it?

The second thought is, What will be the result of this baptism upon my character and life? These points will be illustrated as we call up witnesses of this great experience, witnesses from different churches and denominations. The Methodist church was raised up to spread scriptural holiness, but other churches are taking up the same doctrine and experience. John the Baptist says "He shall baptize *you*," not any particular denomination, but any true believer, who comes to God in faith and entire consecration. There is no exclusion, no foreordination, no predestination; it is as free as God's love. You, you, you shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

This blessed thought sets our minds at rest at once. It may be reached; it may be enjoyed. Jesus will indeed, baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire. You may have a clean heart and a fully sanctified soul and body. Some are asking how long a time there must be between their conversion and the baptism of fire. You believe you may have it and that it is a second blessing, distinct from and subsequent to your regeneration. Some think they will find this heavenly experience about the time that they come to die. If you may have it five minutes before death, why not five weeks, or months, or years? Yea, why not now? Faith is always in the present tense, and this baptism is by faith, and therefore you may obtain it *now*.

This teaches us that it is an *instantaneous* blessing. There is a moment when you are not baptized and a moment when you are. You may be some time in reaching this point of full surrender, but there must be a moment when you do reach it, and that is the moment when you receive the Holy Ghost and the refining fire goes through you heart and illuminates your soul, scatters its life through every part, and sanctifies the whole.

"Believe in him who died for thee,
And sure as he has died,
Your debt is paid; your soul is free
And you are purified."

WITNESSES OF THIS MIGHTY BAPTISM.

Dr. Edward Payson was a Congregationalist, of Portland, Me. He spent days of fasting and nights of mourning, but he was filled with the fulness of God, and exhibits a temper of soul that shows the genuineness of the work. See him on his death bed, listen to his dying testimony: "Were I to use the figurative language of Bunyan, I would say I am half way through the valley of the shadow of death, and the celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafting me; its sounds strike my ear and its spirit is breathed into my heart; nothing separates me from heaven but the river of death, which now appears but an insignificant rill, which may be crossed at a single step when God gives me permission." O, what a victory; what a matchless power of faith that was in Edward Payson! Let us now listen to another witness,

MRS. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

She writes in 1742 "I cannot find language to express how certain the everlasting love of God

appears." She got the baptism; she got the unction; she got the fulness. O, what a faith that woman had! She says, "My safety, my happiness and eternal enjoyment of God's immutable love seems as durable and unchanging as God himself. I was melted and overcome by the sweetness of this assurance. I fell into a great flood of tears. I could not forbear weeping aloud. The presence of God was so near, and so real that I seemed scarcely conscious of anything else. My soul was filled and overwhelmed with light and love and the joy of the Holy Ghost, and seemed just ready to go away from the body."

A calm Congregationalist talking like that! She got this fiery baptism on the stony hills of New England. But hear her still testifying: "My soul nearly broke the chains of life." O for that baptism on your hearts to-day—God grant it may come!

I will now call one more witness from the same denomination; it is

DR. T. C. UPHAM,

President of the Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, a man of a profound thought and great intellectual comprehension. He received this mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost upon his soul. He says, "I cannot better express this fiery baptism than by calling it a breath of the Holy Ghost, that passed through my body. I had a peculiar power, a distinct sensation, God's almighty power going through my very being, I knelt down and tried to pray, but found my strength had well nigh departed from me. To be called a son of God is a great thing, but to be called a beloved son is inexpressibly delightful. Now I have constant peace and consolation, even when I am afflicted. My faith never wavers."

Let me call another witness. There was a woman who had been nursed in the lap of luxury; she lived in a home of elegance. She had an abundance of wealth, which she delighted to scatter among the poor. Her name is

MADAM GUYON.

She was converted in early life, but for seven years she is crying out for this baptism of fire. She is a Roman Catholic, in the dark age Catholicism; yet there was a cry in her soul for the living God. She was a pale-faced woman, of a retiring nature, timid of disposition; yet she was crying to God to baptize her with the Holy Ghost. She would go to the cathedral and wait before God for hours. Meanwhile she was fasting and struggling and mourning. She is full of deeds of charity, making ointments and medicines, binding up wounds, caring for the sick and poor, and teaching them the alphabet and the catechism. She uttered a word from her burdened heart, in her simplicity, without knowing or thinking how widely it would effect the interests of humanity, and through distant ages how it would be re-echoed. Little did she think how far her influence reached, as she stood there at the foot of the Alps teaching those chlldren. She cried out one day, "Sanctification by faith." Listen to that! The word went out to the pope; it went to the throne and to the bishop and priests: "Sanctification by faith." It spread like wild-fire. The people rushed to her. She had a conversation with the queen herself, and she taught them all of sanctification, or the baptism of fire received by faith.

She was a bright light in that dark age. They could not endure her teaching. They put her in prison. They gave her to exile. But her prison was

a palace, and the very stones in the walls shone like diamonds; and she wrote:

"A little bird am I,
Shut out from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there.
Well pleased a prisoner to be
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee."

Oh, what faith in God! What a woman! How far she was superior to the times in which she lived! They placed her in the inner prison, and there she wrote:

"Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Think of a Roman Catholic writing like that! "Sanctification by faith," she said, and still you go stumbling and groaning, when she got the baptism in a moment. So may you expect it now, by simple faith, preceded by entire consecration.

Let me call another witness,

REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY,

a man of matchless power and unanswerable in his arguments, and a mighty preacher, who went up and down this and other lands for fifty years. Lawyers and judges are converted under his preaching. Yea, he had such a mastery over men that they were overcome as they were in the days of Stephen, for they could not withstand the spirit and wisdom with which he spoke. He writes: "On the evening of the day in which I was converted I received an overwhelming baptism of the Holy Ghost that went through me, soul

and body. I immediately found myself endowed with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals were the means of their conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword, they broke the heart like a hammer. Often a word dropped without my remembering it would send conviction and lead to their conversion." He went into a factory, and the giddy girls began to laugh at him. He stood still and looked at them till they were struck under conviction and began to cry for mercy. The mill was stopped by the unconverted owner. The sinners met in the mule room, and were taught the way of salvation. A revival broke out, a church was organized, and a meeting-house built. Thus he went on proclaiming this full salvation till, in a good old age, he went into his room and lay down and said, "Farewell, I will go to heaven," and he was not, for God took him. Let us call another witness,

REV. WM. BRAMWELL.

A mighty soul saver in England. He writes: "I sought the blessing by faith alone. My soul was then all wonder, love and praise. It is now twenty-six years ago. I have walked in this liberty ever since, Glory be to God! I have been kept by his power. By faith I stand; in this as in all other instances I have proved the devil a liar. He suggested to me a few minutes after I received the baptism that I could not retain it, and had better not profess it. But I have kept it ever since."

Now let a quiet Episcopalian speak. The one that wrote that beautiful hymn,

"Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

She had a very clear and distinct conversion and a deep conviction for Sanctification. I refer to

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

It was on Advent Sunday in 1873 of which she writes "The hunger of my heart for this fulness was immediately followed by the filling. The words made effective to this end were these, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from all sin.' I see it all, and I have got it. I saw it as a flash of lightning, and I got the blessing." Her sorrows were now forever past. She no longer lived in the sunless ravines, but in the sunlight of heaven.

But what will be the results of receiving this baptism? Rev. John Fletcher says, "The purified believer has first the simplicity of a dove, the patience of the ox and the courage of the lion."

Person may profess to be sanctified till their dying hour, but if they are proud, and think themselves better than anybody else, and they stand first, there is something defective somewhere. O receive this mighty baptism, that you may be able to work in this revival, and work in wisdom all the days of your lives. O that just here and now God would breathe on us this breath of sin-cleansing fire! Amen and Amen.

THE JUBIBEE SERVICES

over the salvation of one thousand souls were held for three days. The first day in Central Church, New York, April 11th, 1888. Bishop Merrill, Dr. Buckley, and Bishop Andrews preached excellent sermons. The rejoicing was great, and others were converted. Dr. Buckley

was especially blessed in preaching on the philosophy of religious emotion, and its relation to the work of revivals. For a long time he preached intellectual sermons, full of arguments, but nobody was saved. Then he took time to prepare his *heart* for the pulpit work, and would speak to no one on his way from the closet to the pulpit, and under the first sermon preached from the heart, five inquired, "What must we do to be saved?" A church without emotion is a formal church, and will become ritualistic, and in time, heterodox.

In the afternoon, leading laymen were called upon for speeches. J. M. Cornell said "I was prejudiced against Mr. Harrison at first, and sat in the rear, but when I came to the front, and saw souls saved I caught the fire, I entered into the work. Now I think Mr. Harrison ought to go into all the churches of New York. I was afraid at first, that Mr. Harrison would walk on the tops of the pews and rub off the varnish. Now, I think there is much varnish on the Methodism in New York that ought to be rubbed off!" J. M. Slayback and others spoke with power.

Thursday and Friday the Jubilee Services were held in Janes Street Church. They began at 6 A. M. and ended about 10 or 12 P. M. A wonderful spirit pervaded the entire services. Dr. Brady of New Jersey, preached a most glorious sermon. Rev. H. C. McBride melted the entire congregation in a heavenly sermon on Christian Per-

fection. Singing in the midst of the sermon, closing with a graphic discription of the death-bed scene of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

Rev. Wm. B. Corbett preached one of the most glorious gospel sermons I ever heard from "Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." Acts 5 : 38.

He showed that the Gospel was of God, and that it revealed his infinite love in its adaptation and ample provision for the salvation of men, in this world and in that which is to come. It was indeed a marvellous statement of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. No wonder that fifty souls were converted at the close of the sermon, and that the meeting lasted till nearly 12 o'clock.

At 6 o'clock the next morning the people were there, and also the saving power. Business men on their way to their work stopped to get converted and went on their way rejoicing. An old-fashioned love-feast was held at ten o'clock, and the power and glory of God still filled the place. Tears and shouts, and songs of thanksgiving were in perfect order. Heaven came down to earth.

After a collation in the vestry, Dr. J. H. Vincent, D. D., preached a very appropriate and vigorous sermon, "Add to your faith virtue"—or manhood, courage. Converts had a battle to fight. Self and sin and Satan to conquer, and many failed from want of courage. It is not

enough to have faith, you must also have courage. Faith is only the alphabet, you must go on and learn the things of God and how to prevail against your inward and outward enemies. We are convicted, converted and fully sanctified by faith. Faith reveals sin, and also the Saviour. Faith unites us to God, and takes hold of his Omnipotent power. It reveals the realities of eternity. But all this is only the beginning, we must have and exercise courage, or we cannot succeed in Christian warfare. We want heroism in the darkest hour and in the thickest of the fight. And to virtue we must add knowledge. We must study to know the whole will of God concerning us. Study his word and find out his will. Be instructed in the things of the kingdom. To knowledge we must add temperance. Be temperate in all things. Knowledge without temperance will only puff up. To temperance you must add patience. You need patience to enable you to endure hardness and to suffer the opposition of men and devils. And to patience you must add godliness—God likeness. God made man in his own image. Sin defaced it, but God can restore it, and we must wait upon him for this great grace. We must learn to be kind to those who have not reached so high a state of piety as ourselves, for we must add to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity." God helped him much and made the sermon a great blessing.

Rev. De Witt Talmage closed up this series of Jubilee sermons, and brought on the top stone with shouting, as he preached with great energy and spiritual fervor, from Paul fighting with the beasts at Ephesus, and also of the Christian army "encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

"Every man and woman has a beast to fight and conquer. With one it is an evil temper, with another it is love of the world. These converts will soon find some beasts to fight. But let them put on courage, for we are encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses. In the coliseum at Rome there were forty galleries rising one above another, in which twenty-five thousand persons assembled to behold the conflicts with the beasts in the arena below.

1. There was the *king's gallery*, where the king or emperor, and the princes met and watched the conflict. Thank God the Christians in their conflicts are watched from the king's gallery by the King of Heaven, and the King is on our side, and in that gallery is the Prince of peace, and he is our elder brother, our blood relation, who is with us always, even to the end of the world.

2. Then there is the gallery of the angels, who are our ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation. I look and I see among them Gabriel, one of the mighty angels who excels in strength. There is the angel who strengthened Elijah in the desert by

bringing him a cake baked on the coals, and cruse of water. There are the angels that sung over the plains of Bethlehem, when the Saviour was born, and a host of others, and they are all on our side of this conflict, and they often come to bear us up in their arms, lest we dash our feet against a stone.

3. Then there is the gallery of the prophets and apostles. See Moses and Joshua, how they stand out in bold relief amid the throng. See Elijah, who prayed on Carmel till the fire fell and consumed the sacrifice. See Daniel, who spent such a blessed night in the den of lions, when the angels lock their mouths. See Paul, who fought with the beasts at Ephesus. All these and many more are in sympathy with us in this conflict.

4. There is the gallery of the martyrs, who were stoned or sawn asunder, or burnt at the stake, or covered with pitch and tar, and set on fire to illuminate the gardens of the bloody Nero, at Rome. They all sympathize with us in our trials.

5. Then there is the gallery of the eminent saints of all ages. Many of them did not understand one another in this world, but the mist is all cleared away, and they sit side by side in the clear light of God. See Calvin sitting by the side of Arminius. Luther and Wesley are there, and Bishop Simpson and Alfred Cookman. I see there are a few vacant seats, and there is one for you, Brother Harrison. Some ask me if I believe

in Harrison; you might as well ask me if I believe in sunshine. He led two of my children to God, and one of them is in heaven.

6. Then there is the gallery of our departed friends. There sits my old father, who told the minister that all his children were converted but me, and soon I was converted. There sits your fond mother, watching and waiting for you. There is that lovely babe that God took out of your arms, who is saying, "Steer this way, father; come this way, mother!" They are all waiting and watching for us, and will meet us just beyond the river; and till then they are helping us all they can to conquer our foes and gain an eternal victory."

The people were filled and thrilled by this eloquent sermon, which was an inspiration to every child of God. It did seem as though those old saints in those galleries were not only looking at us, but that they would break through the thin veil and appear in person in our midst. This appeared even more real as Brother McBride sang that heavenly song called "Meeting at the Golden Landing."

Friends of yore have flown to heaven,
Springing from the house of clay,
Glad to gain their joyful freedom,
Borne by angel bands away.

CHORUS.—While on Pasgahs mount I'm standing,
Looking toward the vernal shore,
There I seem to see them banding,
Just beside the Golden Landing,
Waiting to receive me o'er;
Precious ones, who went before.

Often at the the shades of evening,
When I sit me down to rest,
One by one I count them over,
They who are in glory blest.

And I seem to see their faces
Beaming with celestial love,
Shining as their blessed Master,
White-robed with the saints above.

And I think I hear them speaking
As they often spake to me,
While I seem to hear them saying
"Pilgrim, heaven is waiting thee."

Brother, sister, faithful soldier,
If our mingling here so sweet,
What shall be our joyous rapture,
When we at the landing meet?

Heaven was close to earth and our loved ones were seemingly very near, while this saintly brother sang this blessed song. Surely there is a holy power in sacred song, especially when sung in the power of the Holy Ghost.

Our hearts were melted and our faith mightily strengthened by this glorious service. We were inspired with new courage to conquer all our foes, visible or invisible. We felt that we were more than conquerors through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us. Dr. Talmage was carried away in the spirit of this great jubilee. He was greatly blessed himself, and was a great blessing to us all.

The evening service was a regular harvest home, and continued till about 12 o'clock, and about

fifty professed to be converted. There was a deep conviction resting upon the people, and a great variety among those who were saved, rich and poor, young and old. It was a *pentecostal season*, and showed us plainly how to reach the masses.

It is resolved to continue these meetings right on through the General Conference which meets in this city in May, when delegates from China, India and Africa will be present. It is hoped that all will catch the flame, until five thousand souls shall be converted to God. Some are prophesying that this work will spread and prevail until there is as extensive a work of grace as there was in 1857. Rev. Stephen Merritt is the prime mover in this work, who beside being a successful pastor of two churches, is carrying on a large and profitable business, and giving away the profits, thus glorifying God. No wonder that he has such great faith in God.

The newspapers in New York were very favorable in reporting these services, and thus great good was done. I stayed in New York over the Sabbath, and saw the power and glory of God in the morning, when a business man came from New Jersey to be converted, and many were saved, including a son whose mother brought him to the meeting on purpose. One woman was overwhelmed with the glory of God, and for a while lost her strength, and then she stood up and leaped for joy. So in the afternoon the altar was full, and especially in the evening, so that there is already one hundred

converted toward the second thousand. The meetings are rolling on, and a second jubilee will soon be held over the salvation of two thousand, and this does not include the hundreds that are being saved in other churches and in their homes. Surely there is a sound of abundance of rain.

This is a genuine pentecostal series of services, when many ministers are being inspired with the Holy Ghost and fitted for successful service in the work of the Lord.

Dr. Corbett, in the ministers' meeting on Monday advised all the ministers to go to these meetings, and see such scenes as they used to see in days of old, when he used to travel on a circuit with fifteen appointments, and saw twelve hundred sinners converted.

Mr. Harrison is remarkable for his simplicity, and for the fervor of his spirit, and especially for his power in prayer, and for his faith in God. He has so much faith in God that he can preach as simply as a child. And while some ministers are depending on their elaborate sermons for success, and preaching to small congregations, he is depending upon God, and gives the people the simplest talks that ever took the place of sermons, and yet they have the Holy Ghost in them, and the people feel the power of God, cry for mercy and find salvation, and the church is too small for the people. Surely the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man; that no flesh may glory in His sight.

The following hymn was sung at the jubilee:

THE JUBILEE HYMN.

Around this altar, gracious Lord,
In penitential grief,
A thousand sinful souls have bowed,
To pray and seek relief.

Burdened with guilt and lost in sin,
One thousand bowed the knee
To Christ, by whom the lost are saved;
By whom the bond made free.

One thousand hearts rejoice and sing,
That Christ has made them free;
A thousand hearts own Christ as King,
On this glad jubilee.

A thousand voices bless thy name,
Their loud hosannas raise,
To Thee their gratitude proclaim,
In jubilee of praise.

A thousand names enrolled on earth,
Enrolled, we trust above,
In God's own book, for which we sing
Our Jubilee of love.

Continue, Lord, this gracious work,
In mercy we implore,
We praise Thee for a thousand saved,
But save a thousand more.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, in the *Christian Advocate*, speaks of the Jubilee as follows: "Is it not a phenomenon calling for universal praise to God, that in New York, with its luxury, scepticism, commercial greed, political scheming, and more than ten thousand saloons, with the cry constantly

raised that religion is declining, that day and night for so many weeks such intense feeling can prevail and such results follow?

"Some say, 'What is it?' 'How is it accomplished?' 'Is it not a species of magnetism?' 'Will it not be transient?' Before consenting to preach the Jubilee sermon, the writer visited the meetings, and not only so but made inquiry in different cities, where Mr. Harrison has been the instrument of similar awakenings, and having seen nothing to condemn in him, and noticing the soundness of the truth preached, the propriety of the instructions given, and hearing from all quarters testimony as to the genuineness of the work in other places, as well as in this city, he has no difficulty in recognizing underneath the crowds and the personality of the Evangelist, spiritual influences, which alone in harmony with the word of God are able to renew human nature. 'The Kingdom of Heaven is a net,' said the Saviour, 'in which all kinds of fish are caught, and men are to cast away the bad and preserve the good.' We have recently received from a layman an account of the work Mr. Harrison did in Milwaukee, an almost German city. So unfavorable to Evangelistic work, that it was thought no great revival could occur, but after two years, most of the converts are found among the substantial, God-fearing people of the place. God has certainly given this young man—no longer a boy—extraordinary powers in leading men to Christ.

He is a far better preacher for that purpose than many of those who complacently consider themselves better sermon makers than he.

The effect of this work in the city of New York is valuable in several particulars. It demonstrates that the drum and the fife and fantastical performances are not necessary to awaken the people. It proves that nothing has so much attracting power as conversions; it shows that an atmosphere of worldliness in a great city cannot obstruct God's people when they unite their forces for the salvation of men; it emphasizes the simple truths which are reiterated by the evangelist and by his co-workers; it reveals the fact that neither caricature nor criticism can impede a real work of grace; and it indirectly exhibits the latent force of general religious teaching; for Mr. Harrison could have done nothing without Christian co-operation, and could have made but little impression if the community did not contain a multitude of persons who, through the instructions of the sanctuary, had been taught their duty, but up to this time had neglected it.

The inspirational appeal of alarm and of invitation, a clarion voice of confidence summoning penitents to the altar, the stimulus of song, and the evoking of the testimony of new-born souls make Mr. Harrison a most effective unifier of otherwise scattered desires, hopes and efforts. He has been a bell to call the people together: a trumpet to arouse them to battle; a flute to soothe and a harp to chase away doubt and fear.

May his simplicity continue, his activity be sustained, and may the churches feed the lambs whom he has led into the fold. We are particularly interested in this work because it began and was carried forward in the section of the city not considered favorable for evangelical work.'

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